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*J. H. Gould*  
**THE ADVENTURES**

OF

**ROBIN DAY.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CALAVAR," "NICK OF THE WOODS," &c.

*Robert Montgomery Bird*

— Of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And 'portance in my travel's history.

OTHELLO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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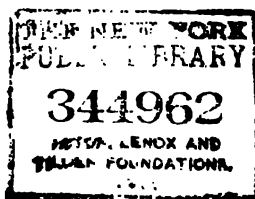
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*J. W. Drayton*

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THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
ROBIN DAY.

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CHAPTER I.

The Neptunian origin of Robin Day; with an account of his early friends, Mother Moll and Skipper Duck, and his preferment to a fat office.

SYLLA, the Roman dictator, is, as far as I know, the only great man on record who attributed his advancement to good luck; all other great men being modestly content to refer their successes in life to their own merits; insisting, with the philosophers, that there is not, in reality, any such thing as luck at all, good, bad, or indifferent, but that every man's fortune, whether happy or evil, is referable to his own agency, the direct result of his own wise or foolish actions. Such may be the fact, for aught I can say, (it is a comfortable doctrine for the fortunate,) and I do not pretend to controvert it; but of one thing I am very certain, namely, that whether there be bad luck in the world or not, there is an abundance of those unhappy personages who are commonly considered its victims—that is to say, *un-*



*lucky dogs*; of which race I was undoubtedly born a member.

My introduction into the world was of itself sufficient to establish my claim to pre-eminence in misfortune; for, from all I was ever able to learn, instead of making my appearance in the usual way, I came ashore, one stormy night in September, in the year 1796, upon the coast of New Jersey, washed up by the sea, like a king-crab; with this advantage, however, that I had for my shell, or cradle, the battered hull of a Yankee schooner, which, if it did not keep me as dry and snug as was desirable, preserved me, at least, from being swallowed up by the raging billows. In other words, I was cast ashore in a wreck—"name unknown," as the gazettes say, from which I was taken, a puny little bantling of some twelve or fifteen months old, half famished and half drowned, the only living creature, save two ducks that were soaking in a coop, and a broken-backed cat in the fore-castle, that escaped.

The particulars of this eventful catastrophe, there were many good reasons why I, though so much interested in knowing them, should never succeed in making myself perfectly acquainted with. The scene of disaster was in the neighborhood of Barnegat, a place famous in the annals of shipwreck; and the vessel, there was little doubt, contained a rich freight of rum and sugar, and other West Indian products, which it was manifestly nobody's business to know how to account for. Besides, it was thought not improbable that the wreck of this particular schooner was owing less to the fury of the storm than to the instrumentality of the people of the coast—land pirates, as they have been called from time immemorial—who were often accused in past days, as sometimes in the present, of setting up false bea-

cons, to decoy unsuspecting mariners to their ruin. I have even heard it said, there was a rumor at the time that the crew of the unfortunate vessel (whose disappearance could not be otherwise accounted for,) had met with foul play from the wreckers; which, if true, was a better reason than all for their keeping a veil of obscurity over the whole affair. But this rumor after all, had no better foundation than surmise, and a disposition on the part of malicious people to explain the disappearance of the crew, which was undoubtedly a very remarkable feature in the shipwreck, in the most unfavorable way. It was more charitable to suppose they had been suddenly washed from the deck by some furious billow, which had carried away every thing above board; and that I owed my preservation to being left nestling in the highest berth in the cabin, whence I was plucked by my robber preservers.

Another reason why the particulars were never known, was that no one interested ever made inquiry. No agent or emissary of owner or underwriter, as far as I could learn, ever visited the spot to investigate the circumstances attending the wreck, or attempt the recovery of the property lost: which, I suppose, was because the news of the disaster never travelled more than a dozen miles from the scene, and then only among people, who, whatever cause they might have to report the worst of it among themselves, had too much interest in the preservation of coast privileges—the uninterrupted enjoyment of flotsam and jetsam—to invite the interference of strangers and law officers. As for myself, I think the reader will allow, I was entirely too young to trouble myself in the matter; or, indeed, to know any thing about it. Who were my parents, or whether I had any, were questions which, as they

concerned nobody, so nobody cared to inquire. But, I believe, it was generally thought among those who had the first charge of me, I must have been the son of the ship's cook, as I had an inordinate love of good eating, with a judgment in dainties, which could only be expected from one who had been indulged in the fat of the caboose; besides showing, when I grew a year or two older, an extraordinary tact in roasting crabs and fiddlers, oysters and sand-eels, and such other stray edibles as I could lay my hands on.

My earliest recollections go back to some such scenes; and I have a vague remembrance that I lived a life of famine in a miserable hut by the sea-side, with an old beldam, who used to wear a sailor's tarpaulin hat and pea-jacket, and was, as I have been since informed, a very Semiramis among land-pirates, and had not only been engaged in robbing, but had been the actual cause of, more wrecks than any man on the coast. She had a wretched little starveling pony, whose legs she used to tie together of nights, and, having hung a lantern to his side, send him stumbling along the beach; in which operation, the motion of the lantern rocking up and down, had the appearance, to persons on the sea, of a light from a vessel sailing along the coast; and thus was undoubtedly sometimes the cause of the observers driving on shore, before they dreamed they were nigh it. Of this circumstance I have the better recollection as I myself was frequently sent out, especially in bitter stormy nights, when such stratagems were most practised, to keep the said pony to his duty, by whipping him up and down the sands; an employment in which if I at any time failed, by dropping asleep from cold or fatigue, or sneaking away under a sandhill, to shelter me from the winds, I was sure

to be rewarded with such a drubbing as kept me in memory of my fault for a week after. I am pretty confident, indeed, it was with an eye to my future usefulness in this line of employment, that old Mother Moll, (for by that name they called her,) after helping herself to such other valuables in the wreck (which she was one of the first to enter) as she could lay hands on, deigned in like manner to add unlucky *me* to her share of plunder, and carry me to her hovel; where, first under the name of Sammy September—a title given me by the wreckers, in memory, I suppose, of the month of shipwreck, and, next, under that of Robin Rusty, which became, at last, the more frequent appellation—I had the satisfaction to be cuffed about from morning till night, and from one year's end to the other, until rescued by a change of fate from her intolerable clutches.

She had the greater need of some such assistant, as the only other being over whom she had any control, a reprobate son, called Isaac, or Ike, was now grown a huge, hulking hobbledohoy of fourteen, was waxing day by day more restiff and intolerant of authority, and betraying every evidence of a manly inclination, sooner or later, to give her the slip, and set up in the world for himself. He was, assuredly, a most graceless and abandoned young scoundrel—a worthy son of such a parent; and I have a recollection of his communicating to me one day, which he did with much apparent satisfaction, his expectation, in about one year more, of being able to trounce, or, as he expressed it, to “lick,” his mother; an idea, which, I must confess, was infinitely agreeable to my infant fancies, as it associated the prospect of my being able, in course of time, to do the same thing myself, and thereby requite some of the million afflict-

tions which Mother Moll was in the daily practice of dispensing on my own cheeks and shoulders. I had this addition, however, to the conception, and the pleasure of it, in my own case; inasmuch as I hoped that the day which should see me able to settle accounts with Mistress Moll, would find me in a condition to award the same justice to her son Ikey; for I know not which used me most cruelly, from whom I received the greatest number of daily drubbings, or which of them I most heartily detested.

It was to the excess of severity of this she-barbarian and her savage son that I finally, at the age of about seven years, owed my escape from their hands; for their cruelty being observed by others of the wreckers, excited a kind of indignation and pity even among them; and one of them, a fellow named Day, though better known under the nickname of Duck, which he himself commonly accepted and acknowledged, the skipper and owner of a shallop, the *Jumping Jenny*, in which he carried wood, oysters, fish, and sundry other articles of merchandise, including at times, the plunder of the wreckers, to New York and other places, interfered one day in my favour; and, having tried more amicable means in vain, seized me and carried me off by force. It is true, that he afterwards, in a fit of generosity, sent the old beldam a cask of rum, which he had, in the beginning, offered as the price of my ransom, and which she was now glad to receive as a compensation in full for her loss.

It was for this reason, I suppose, that my humane deliverer ever after chose to regard me as his property, an item of his goods and chattels, bought at what he always assured me was a price infinitely above my value, a moveable which nobody could doubt his right to do with whatever he pleased.

Having settled this point to his satisfaction—and, perhaps, also, to mine, for I never dreamed of disputing it—he proceeded to deport himself accordingly; and the end was, that, before I had been a month in his employ, I was convinced that the servitude I had endured under Mother Moll, infernal though it might be called, was a kind of paradise, compared with the purgatory of bondage to which I was now reduced by my generous and tender skipper.

The first thing the tyrant did, after getting me on board, was to appoint me to the honorable office of ship's cook; an appointment which I doubtless owed in part to the talents I had already displayed in that line, while living with Mother Moll, though more perhaps to my being the only person of the whole crew—or rather of the ship's company, for crew there was none, there being, besides the captain, only one other man on-board, and he called himself the mate—who could be spared for such a duty. Nor should I have been in less danger of the appointment, had my talents been inferior, or my years even fewer; the only qualifications for the office being that I should be old and strong enough to hold up the end of a frying-pan, and of sufficient experience to know, as Captain Duck said, a potatoe from a pig's foot. The appetite of my noble captain being extremely artless and unsophisticated, never aspired beyond the two simple dishes of a boil and a fry, as he was used to call them; and the preparation of these was always the same, no matter what might be the variation in the materials, which were only determined by the contents of the larder. If a boil were ordered, all my duty consisted in tumbling into the pot, along with a sufficiency of water, a specimen of every eatable on board, fish,

fowl, and flesh, salt and fresh, beans, peas, pumpkins and potatoes, clams, oysters, onions, and what not, and boiling away at a furious rate, until the signal was given for serving up, by the skipper roaring to me, "dinner! you son of a cook's jackass!" If a fry, the operation was equally simple, as nothing was to be done but to throw the same articles into the pan, with a pound or two of slush, and keep up the fire until the mate, in his turn, gave the signal by suddenly whisking the pan out of my hands, and as suddenly kicking me over into the lee scuppers.

When I was first made acquainted with the office to which my skipper's generosity assigned me, I must confess, my youthful spirits danced with joy; for having been fairly starved under Mother Moll's ministry, nothing could be more agreeable to my desires than a post which assured me, *ex officio*, of a full dinner every day. But on this occasion, as on a great many others that have befallen me, I reckoned entirely without my host; being soon forced to the disagreeable discovery that my duty, as understood by Captain Duck, was to cook dinners, and not to eat them. My captain was indeed a brute, and a much worse one than old Mother Moll; who, though savage enough, had her seasons—few they were and far between—of good humour. His apparent humanity in snatching me from the dragoness, was, at bottom, the same feeling that induced the latter to take me from the wreck; that is, he had occasion for my services; or perhaps he *was* humane at the moment; for all persons are capable of pitying distresses not inflicted by themselves, but by other persons. But be that as it may, it is certain that such touches of human feeling never visited his breast again; and that during the whole term of five years or more, that I remained in his power,

there was no tyranny or cruelty that a despot could exercise at the expense of his most helpless slave, which he did not make me suffer. One would have thought that my destitute condition, a miserable little vagabond child without a single kinsman or friend I could call my own, would have sometimes awakened his sensibilities, and procured me better treatment: but I am rather inclined to think my destitution only made him give a greater loose to his ferocity, since there was no one left to call him to account.

As a temper of such unmitigated barbarity is, fortunately, so uncommon in the world that some will feel disposed to doubt its existence, it is incumbent on me to explain the secret of his character, which was reduced to that extreme pitch of brutality only, I believe, by indulgence in strong liquors. The fellow, in short, was a sot, and had been all his life; not indeed that he ever appeared to the world in a state of positive intoxication; for that was a point no liquor could bring him to; but, as he was always drinking, so his potations kept him constantly in a condition of sullen fury, like that of the Malay who is smoking opium for a *muck*, and may, one knows not how soon, burst out into a frenzy of rage and murder.

In this frame of mind, it may be supposed, he would as often have vented his anger upon the mate as upon me; and this I have no doubt he would have done, had not this useful officer, who was his cousin, been a great two-fisted fellow, who made no difficulty of knocking him down and drubbing him into his senses, when the wind lay in that direction; by which means it happened that the skipper was forced, in spite of himself, to confine his operations entirely to me.

The particulars of his cruel usage I have no



desire to enter upon; but their effects were such, that at the beginning of my thirteenth year, which was the last of my bondage, I was a wretched little stunted thing, to appearance not more than nine years old, a picture of raggedness, emaciation and misery, a creature with no more knowledge, intelligence, or spirit than a ferryman's horse, or a sick ape; which latter animal, I have often been told, I much more resembled at that time than a human child. In fact, the brutality of my skipper had made me almost an idiot: it had killed my spirit, and stupefied my mind; and such was the gross darkness in which I had been suffered to grow up, that I was ignorant even of the existence of the Great Being, the refuge of the orphan, and the avenger of his wrongs. I had never even heard his name, except in the execrations, with which my tormentor coupled it a thousand times a day.

## CHAPTER II.

An adventure of a goose and a gander, with what happened there-upon to Robin Day.

SUCH a creature was I, as wretched and as hopeless, when the business of my master carried him, one summer's day, to a certain great town in New Jersey, situated upon a river, where we cast anchor in the morning; and I, without troubling myself with any thoughts of shore, which it was seldom my lot to visit, fell to work at my vocation in preparing my master's dinner; in the course of which, I had occasion to murder a venerable old gander that had been squalling in the coop, in expectation of his fate, for the last two days. This execution being over, and not without five or six hearty cuffs, which my patron gave me for performing it bunglingly, I sneaked away to the bows, where, perched upon the bowsprit, I began, in the process of plucking the animal, to distribute a shower of feathers over the tide.

This operation, as it chanced, attracted the attention of a knot of schoolboys who were playing, some of them on a wharf hard by, while three or four others were busking about in a batteau, to which they had helped themselves; and, whether it was that there was something more than usual of the ludicrous given to my employment by my un-

couth appearance, or that the urchins were ripe for mischief, they forthwith began to salute me with a battery, first, of jokes and sarcasms; to which they afterwards added an occasional volley of pebbles and oyster-shells. This was a proceeding that caused me no surprise, for I had been too much accustomed to unkindness all my days to expect any thing else; and, I may also add, that such was the indifference to bodily pain into which I had been beaten, and so stupefied within me were all the ordinary instincts of self preservation, that although I was once or twice hit by the missiles cast at me, and in danger of faring still worse, I neither removed from my perch, nor intermitted a moment in my task.

My insensibility, or want of courage, as it doubtless appeared, gave additional edge to the malice of my persecutors; and those who were in the bateau, having taken in a sufficient supply of small shot—that is to say, of the pebbles and shells as aforesaid—ventured to push into the stream, for the purpose of attacking me nearer at hand, which they did with infinite zeal and intrepidity; and one little fellow of ten years old, that seemed the greatest imp of all, the most voluble in railing and the most energetic in attack, succeeded in planting upon the top of my forehead the ragged edge of an oyster-shell, by which I was cut to the bone, and my face in a moment covered with blood. This, indeed, stung me to resentment, for the anguish of the wound was very great; but so sluggish were the movements of all my passions that I had scarce proceeded to a greater length in the expression of my rage than by turning a haggard look of reproach upon the assailant, when an accident happened which changed the current of my feelings. The little reprobate who had immortalized himself by so capital a shot, had

given such energy and strength to the cast, that he lost his balance, pitched forward, and at the very moment I looked down upon him, plumped, with a dismal shriek, into the river, which was deep, and the current strong. It was evident, the little dog could not swim; and such was the terror which the catastrophe caused among his companions, that they lost the only oar they had in the boat, and were incapable of rendering him any assistance.

In the meanwhile, the hero of the scene, whose disaster I regarded with sentiments of complacency and approbation, as being nothing more than he deserved for the unprovoked injury he had done me, sunk to the bottom, whence in a moment he came whirling and gasping to the surface, and was swept by the tide against the sloop's cable, which he attempted to seize, but without success; for though he had hold of it for an instant, he was not able to maintain his grasp. In this state of the adventure, the little fellow was immediately under me where I sat on the bowsprit; and as the tide swept him from the cable, he looked up to me with a countenance of such terror, and agony, and despair, mingled with imploring entreaty—though being on the point of strangling, he was neither able to speak nor to cry out—that I was suddenly struck with feelings of compassion. They were the first human emotions, I believe, that had entered my bosom for years. And such was the strength of them that, before I knew what I was doing, I dropped into the river—gander and all—to save the poor little rascal from drowning.

Such a feat did not appear to me either very difficult or dangerous, for I could swim like a duck, and had had extraordinary experience in the art of saving life in the water; not, indeed, that I had ever

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performed such service for any body but myself; but, in my own case, I had almost daily occasion; for nothing was more common than for Skipper Duck to take me by the nape of the neck and toss me overboard, even when on the open sea; though the mate always threw me a rope to help me on board again, except when we were becalmed, or at anchor; in which cases, he left me to take care of myself. In the present instance, however, as it proved, the exploit was not destined to be performed without difficulty; for dropping down with more hurry than forecast, right before the stem, and with a force that carried me pretty deep into the water, I was swept under the shallop's bottom, which, in the effort to rise to the surface, I managed to strike with my head, with a violence that would undoubtedly have finished me, had not that noble excrescence been in those days of unusual thickness. The shock was, however, sufficient to stun and confound the small quantity of wits I possessed, and to such a degree that I lost my hold of the gander, which, up to this moment, I had clutched with instinctive care; besides which, I was swept, before I had time to recover myself, along the whole of the sloop's bottom; and this being pretty well studded with barnacles, young oysters, and the heads of old nails, I had the satisfaction of enjoying as complete and thorough a keelhauling as was ever administered to any vagabond whatever, my jacket, shirt, and back being scratched all to pieces. Of this, however, as well as of the loss of the gander, I was for a time quite unconscious, being confused by the shock my head had suffered; and the moment I succeeded in passing the rudder, and reaching the surface, I had all my thoughts engaged in rescuing the boy, who had now sunk two or three times, and was, I doubted not,

sinking for the last time; for he was quite insensible, when it was my good fortune to reach and seize him by the collar.

The batteau had, by this time, been borne by the tide against a projecting wharf, whither I easily swam with my charge; and then giving him up to his companions, who had now, by dint of yelling, brought several men to their assistance, I took to my heels, hoping to regain the sloop before Captain Duck, who had gone ashore, should return and discover my absence. My only way of getting on board was that in which I had departed, namely, by swimming; and to this I betook me, by running a little up the stream, and then leaping again into the river.

My haste, however, was vain; the worthy skipper reaching the vessel an instant before myself; and when, having clambered up by the hawser and bobstay, I succeeded in jumping on deck, I—who was in such a pickle, what with my clothes torn to shreds, and dripping with water, and the blood trickling down my face, as the reader cannot conceive—found myself confronted with my tyrant face to face. He gave me a horrible stare of surprise, took one step forward so as to bring me within reach of his arm, and exclaimed,—

“You draggie-tailed tadpole! where have you been?”—which question he accompanied with a cuff on the right cheek that tossed me full a fathom to the larboard.

“Please, sir,” said I, in as much terror as my stupidity was capable of,—“overboard, sir.”

“Overboard, you son of a tinker’s cowbell!” cried my master giving me a cuff with the other hand, that sent me just as far starboard; “what have you been doing overboard?”

“Please, sir, saving boy’s life, sir,” returned un-

happy I, beginning to be conscious of the enormity of my offence.

"Saving a boy's life, blast my fishhooks!" ejaculated Skipper Duck, knocking me again to larboard: and here I may as well observe that this was his usual way of conversing with me, or rather of pointing his conversation; his stops being usually but three, a cuff to the right and a cuff to the left, which he alternated with extreme regularity, at every other speech; and a full period, used at the close, by which I was laid as flat as a flagstone. "Saving a boy's life!" cried the Skipper, boxing me as aforesaid: I wish all the boys were in Old Nick's side-pocket, roasting!—Where's the gander?"

The gander? ay, *where* was the gander? The question froze my blood: I remembered the loss; by this time the gander was a mile down stream, if not already lodged, in divided morsels, in the capacious jaws of a hundred catfish.

The skipper noticed my confusion, and his face of a sudden became small, being puckered by an universal frown, that began at forehead and chin and the two ears, and tended to the centre, carrying these several parts before it, till all were blended in a knot of wrinkles scarce bigger than his nose. He stretched forth his hand and took me by the hair, of which I had a mop half as big as my whole body; and giving his arm a slow motion to and from him, like the crank-rod, or whatever they call it, of a locomotive, just as it is getting under way, and making my head, of course, follow in the same line of traverse, thundered in my ears,—

"The gander! you twin-born of a horse-mackerel! where's the gander?"

"Please, sir," I spluttered out, in a confusion of intellects that was with me extremely customary

—"boy was overboard—jumped overboard to save him——"

"D—n the boy!" quoth my honest master; "where's the gander?"

"Please, sir, jumped overboard," I repeated; "got under the keel; knocked head—senses out, and——"

"And the gander? blast my fish-hooks! the gander?"

"Please, sir; couldn't help——'most drowned—lost it!"

The skipper's eyes rolled in their sockets, and he turned them to heaven, as if to invoke thunderbolts of vengeance on my guilty head. Then taking a quid of tobacco, to compose his nerves, he made me a speech, importing, first, that he had bought me of old Mother Moll at the price of a ten-gallon keg of rum; secondly, that I was not worth the tenth part of a sous-marquee, or ten scales of a red herring; thirdly, that I was the ugliest wall-eyed, shock-headed son of a ship's monkey he had ever laid eyes on; fourthly, that he had always said I would come to the gallows, without even the grace of arriving at the yard-arm; fifthly, that he had borne as many of my dog's tricks as mortal man could; sixthly, that the loss of the gander was the most atrocious piece of cold-blooded knavery he had ever heard of, for which hanging was too good for me; and seventhly and lastly, that as it was his duty to take a father's care of me, he would forthwith proceed to give me the handsomest trouncing I had ever had in my whole life, blast his fish-hooks. And this oration, which was interlarded with more profane execrations than I desire to repeat, being ended, he kicked and dragged me along into the cabin; where, seizing up a rope's end, he fell to work upon my half naked body



with a vigour that, I think, would have ended in his killing me outright; had not fate sent me assistance in the person of a friend—it was the first one I ever had—whom the accident of the morning had gained me, all unknown to myself.

The little boy whom I had saved from drowning, was, as it happened, the son of a worthy and wealthy gentleman, a physician, of that town, who chanced to be nigh at hand, when I landed the little fellow on the wharf; and being drawn thither, among others, by the cries of the children, had the happiness to find his child already restored to his senses, and suffering no inconvenience from the catastrophe, except a good ducking and a hearty fright. He took pains to inform himself on the spot of the particulars of the accident, which a little inquiry among the boys soon put him in possession of, including all the circumstances of the attack, as well as of my instrumentality in saving the graceless urchin; and he was pleased to express as much approbation as surprise, at what he called my magnanimity—a word, by the by, which, when he afterwards delivered it into my own ears, filled me with consternation, as from its bigness, I supposed it must mean something very horrible. Nay, his feelings becoming more interested, when he discovered from what a wretched looking little imp (for, it seems, I had passed him, while running up the wharves, and he had noticed my squalid appearance,) the good act had proceeded, he determined to visit the shallop on the instant, to do me reparation for the injuries I had received, as well as to reward me for my humanity—which word also, when he pronounced it, struck me as a very terrible one, though not so awful as “magnanimity.” He accordingly procured a boat, and, in company with several other persons, immediately came on

board, the visit being for me the most opportune in the world, as the honest skipper was threshing me, as he himself expressed it, "within an inch of my life," and was, indeed, so enwrapped in the business, that he was entirely unconscious of the entrance of the visitors into the vessel and the cabin, until my new friend, shocked and enraged at his brutality, brought it to an end by suddenly knocking him down with his cane.

My miserable, wretched appearance—for besides my starveling looks, the blood was still streaming over my face—and the inhuman tyranny to which he thus saw me exposed, operated to such a degree on the benevolent feelings of this most excellent man, that he determined to release me from my skipper's clutches altogether; which he immediately effected, by carrying me ashore to his own house, where he dressed my wounds, and had me washed and clothed in decent attire.

Nor did his good offices rest here; for having questioned me, and discovered what a friendless creature I really was, and how much I had suffered from the cruelty of the skipper, his indignation was roused to such a pitch, that he proceeded to lodge an information before a magistrate, who immediately granted a warrant for Duck's apprehension, and he was in a few hours laid by the heels in the common jail; when, being tried, he was mulcted in a heavy fine, and punished also with a month's imprisonment. And this punishment not seeming severe enough to certain worthy citizens, whose choler had been exceedingly inflamed by the developments of his cruelty that took place at the trial, the skipper was no sooner released from prison than they carried him aboard his own vessel, where, after subjecting him to the process of keel-hauling, administered in a much

more regular way than had happened in my case, they shaved his head and tarred and feathered him from top to toe; and then ordered him to get under way, never to appear again in their waters, under pain of being hung from his own cross-trees—an injunction which, I believe, the scoundrel very faithfully observed, for I never heard of his being again seen in that neighborhood.

As for me, the events of that day had—although I knew it not—operated an entire and thorough change on all my future prospects. I had gained a friend and protector, who was as able as he was willing to repair the mischiefs I had suffered in body and mind, and to guard me for the future from wrong and outrage. And all this was, as I may say, the result of my own action—of the indulgence of a natural feeling or instinct, of the laudableness of which I was entirely ignorant. I had done a good act, and—like the young Pawnee Indian,\* who saved the life of a female captive, without knowing he had done a good deed, until his Christian rewarders told him so—I did not know it. And for this reason, I certainly deserved neither credit nor recompense; but I would that all good actions were as well rewarded.

\* *Petelesharoo*, son of *Lateleaha*, or the *Knife-Chief*, head of the Pawnee-Loups, who cut from the stake, where his nation had devoted her to the flames, a Paduca, or Ictan girl, and carried her in safety to her own tribe; for which heroic act, he was presented with a medal by the young ladies of a seminary at Washington. The young savage, in returning his thanks, declared, with great simplicity, or good manners—for the assertion looks very much like a stretch of politeness—that he “did it in ignorance,” and “did not know that he had done good, until his sisters, by giving him a medal, told him so.” See Morse’s Indian Reports; and also Long’s Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

## CHAPTER III.

Robin Day begins his education, and advances in the opinion of the world.

MY patron, Dr. Howard, (for that was his name,) was not content with merely releasing me from bondage, and punishing my tyrant, but carried his goodness still further. The few hints I was able to give him in relation to the shipwreck, led him to indulge a kind of hope that my parents were perhaps living, and that I might be restored to their arms; in consequence of which, he not only instituted inquiries into the circumstance, but even paid two different visits to the coast, where he made every effort to sift the affair to the bottom. His exertions were, however, of little avail; the reasons for silence which I had mentioned, were still in operation, and kept every man's memory under lock and key. No one of those interested as actors in the scene had the slightest knowledge or recollection of the affair; there were a great many wrecks, they said, on their coast, and they could not pretend to remember them, or to say who came ashore on them; they knew in general, no such personage as little Robin Rusty, though some professed to have heard the name, and some believed there had been a boy so called, whom old Mother Moll had picked up some where, they had never troubled themselves to ask where. In

short, they were determined to hold their tongues; and all the information that my patron ever succeeded in acquiring was obtained from persons living at a distance from the scene; and, indeed, the further they were off, the more they seemed to know of the matter. The only difficulty was, that no two agreed in telling the same story; from which, as well as from the thousand manifest falsehoods and contradictions with which the relation was overburthened, it was clear these worthy personages had gained their intelligence from their own imaginations, and in reality knew nothing more than the inquirer himself.

He might, perhaps, have gained all the information he sought, from the old beldam, Mother Moll, who was now grown decrepid and helpless with age, had been long abandoned by her vagabond son, and was dragging out existence in the most hopeless poverty; but she had reached the period of dotage and mere oblivion, and was incapable of rendering him any assistance. It was with the greatest difficulty she could be made even to remember my name; and when she did, and was questioned particularly concerning me, she, by some unaccountable perversion of association, always confounded me with her son Ikey, whose history, including all his monkey-tricks, and sometimes mine with them, his sundry rebellions against the maternal authority, and final desertion of her, she was very willing to tell, so long as her memory served; but that was never long. She seemed to have some glimmering recollections of the wreck; but they were not such as could be turned to profit; and as to the date, which she sometimes threw twenty years back, and sometimes but a few months, nothing of the least account could be gained from her.

All that my patron, therefore, learned, after every inquiry, was no more than what he knew before; namely, that there had been a wreck, and that I had come ashore in it: but of the exact period of the catastrophe, of the name and character of the vessel, of the fate of the crew, and other the most interesting and important particulars, he knew nothing. The discouragement which he suffered did not, however, prevent his making the only other effort that remained. He drew up a brief account—if account it could be called—of the occurrence, and caused it to be inserted in several of the newspapers of the day, in hopes it might attract the eye of some one interested, and thence lead to further developments that might finally bring my parentage to light. But the effort resulted in nothing. Some few persons, merchants who had lost vessels, and others who had been deprived of friends, wrote to him for further particulars, which he had not to give; and there the matter dropped. Whatever might be my good qualities, nobody thought me worth claiming.

In the meanwhile, neither my protector's inquiries nor their failure of success, troubled *me* in the least. I had arrived at a fate which satisfied all my youthful longings, inasmuch as I had plenty to eat and drink, could take my fill of sleep whenever I wanted it, and had no fear of an hourly drubbing. In the enjoyment of these blisses, and in the kitchen corner, whither my instincts and ambition both carried me, I should have been content to pass my existence, contending for nothing but the warmest rug and the hugest cast-bit, with no rivals but Towzer the house dog and Tabby the tom-cat. A nobler strife, and competitors more distinguished, were subjects that entered neither into my desires nor thoughts. I was entirely of opinion that the life of

a scullion in a rich man's kitchen was the happiest that human being could lead—a life for a skipper, or the gods themselves.

This grovelling disposition there were some who considered an inborn one, a characteristic of a naturally low and vulgar spirit; though I am very well convinced it was all owing to Skipper Duck and his villanous treatment; and certain it is, had any nobler feelings ever existed in my bosom, they could not have survived the long course of debasing cruelty to which I had been subjected. The truth is, it had resulted in quenching every spark of intellect and spirit I ever possessed, in stultifying, in stupefying, in reducing me to a condition very little above that of a mere animal; so that, I verily believe, my old prototype of Cyprus, he that was

Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;  
So well his name did with his nature suit,—

was the Seven Wise Masters of Greece all in one body, compared with me, whom every body agreed in considering not merely a dolt and blockhead of unusual barrenness, but a kind of Orson, or Wild-boy Peter, on whose nature, as on Caliban's, "nurture could never stick," and every effort at instruction must be entirely thrown away.

And in this opinion, I am sorry to say, my benevolent patron also joined, after he had worn out his patience in the vain effort to awake my dormant faculties, which he declared were of so low an order as to be incapable of any cultivation, and so, in despair, left me to myself, to my own enjoyments, and in the honourable office—the only one he deemed me fit for—of scullion and turnspit;—my cooking abilities, though sufficient for the purposes of Skipper Duck, not being, in his opinion, brilliant enough for the

appointment of Commander in Chief of the culinary department in his household—which was, indeed, very capably filled by an old negro, whom we called Don Pedro, a slave from one of the Spanish West India Islands.

Thus consigned to contempt, and given over as a case of hopeless stupidity, I must have remained among pots and patty-pans, an ornament of the kitchen, for life, had it not been for the good offices of two other friends who were not so willing to desert me. The first of these was Nature, who, having been outraged in my person for years, and, in fact, driven out of it, now returned; and having nothing to oppose her, save the craziness of the mansion, began a course of renovation, which, though slow and at first imperceptible, was destined sooner or later to make itself manifest. The second was my patron's son Tommy—his only son, and therefore a spoiled one—to whose exploit with the oyster-shell I owed my advancement. The little gentleman, who was my junior by at least three years, though my equal in size, and infinitely superior in every thing that marks the intelligent being—such were the advantages of a parent's love and care—was by no means the malicious and wicked imp his unprovoked attack on me seemed to declare; but, on the contrary, a very amiable and generous boy, although wild and prankish, and easily led into mischief, as most boys are. Perhaps I should say, as most boys *were*: for the juveniles of the present generation, as I have observed, are a much more manly and rational race than their predecessors of the last, the difference resulting, I suppose, from a better system of education. The boys of my day, I declare, were the greatest scoundrels conceivable, quarrelsome, vindictive, and cruel, oppressors of one another and of every living



thing that was too weak to resist them; in short, Neroes and Domitians in miniature. And those who were not born with these happy characteristics, hastened to get inoculated with them; as nothing was held more contemptible, because evincing a babyish, cowardly spirit, than a peaceable temper, and tenderness to cats and dogs. My little friend Tommy was of a mixed class, having been born with spirit enough to adventure into every excess, and yet with milder and kindlier feelings, that, if carefully governed, might have made him the best of boys; and he was of just such a character as to be able, at any moment, to enter with enthusiasm upon the torture of a tabbycat, and burst into tears, the next, at the sight of her dying agonies.

The little fellow's best feelings had been enlisted by the service I rendered him by plucking him from the water; and his father had made him aware—if, indeed, his own conscience had not—of, the meanness and cruelty he had been guilty of in attacking such a poor, inoffensive vagabond as I; and the end was, that Master Tommy was anxious to repair the mischief he had done, and do me some important service in return. He straightway contracted a fiery friendship for me, which he showed in a thousand different ways; and especially by cramming me with oranges and sugar-plums, and other infantile luxuries, such as had never before blessed my lips; and, what was better still, by appointing me his chief playmate.

It was Anaxagoras, I think, the philosopher of Lampsacus, who, being asked at his death-hour, by the magistrates of the city, what he wished to be done in commemoration of him, desired they would give the boys a holiday on the anniversary of his death, and let them play over his grave. This sen-

timent is generally considered as proving that Anaxagoras must have been an uncommonly amiable old gentleman, who had spared the birch in his school, and was determined the boys of Lampsacus should be as happy after his death as before. To my mind, it proves a good deal more, and shows that the philosopher was a philosopher in earnest, who knew the influence of childish play—because an institution of Nature herself—in expanding the powers of the childish mind; and therefore aimed, in his festival, as much at the improvement as the happiness of his youthful heirs. Of the justice and truth of this remark I am the more strongly persuaded, as I believe I can trace the first efforts of expansion in my own spirit to the influence of boyish sports; and I am convinced that I learned more by playing leap-frog and cock-horse with Master Tommy Howard than by thumbing all the hornbooks and primers his father ever put into my hands.

It must be recollected that the sports of childhood—those first and truest sources of enjoyment, of health and of happiness—were vanities I had never known, nor even dreamed of; all my tender years having been passed in captivity and servitude, and every hour and moment devoted to some infernal drudgery, as killing to the mind as the body. The smile and laugh of happy vacancy, the shout of merriment, the whistle, the song, the uproar of play, were music that had never visited my ears; which were, indeed seldom invaded by any thing, except abusive language and the hard palms of my honest skipper. I was now, for the first time, to be made acquainted with such joys; and the delight I experienced from them was only equalled by their happy effects on my benighted spirit. The change was speedily manifested in my visage and person, the former of

which gradually lost the look of stupefaction that had hitherto marked it; while the latter took a sudden start, and grew out of the similitude of a starved ape, which it had first borne: though, I must confess, as far as stature is concerned, I have not even yet entirely got over the effects of my early sufferings. A still better evidence of the transformation that had been effected, was soon shown; for little Tommy now taking upon himself the office of a schoolmaster, ambitious to succeed in an exploit which his father had pronounced impracticable, I was actually, through his instrumentality, taught to read; and that before the good doctor dreamed that the attempt had been made to teach me; and, indeed, the first intimation he had of the miracle was when Tommy carried me in triumph before him, to display the fruits of his skill and enterprise.

The work of regeneration thus commenced by the son, the parent was determined it should not languish for want of encouragement on his part; and the result was that, in a short time, I was translated from the kitchen to his study, and from thence to a public school, where it was my good fortune to make such progress as entirely satisfied my patron; who from that moment treated me rather as a child than a poor dependant on his charity. And there unhappily occurred, soon after, an event which, while it brought mourning into his family, advanced me to a still higher niche in his affections. This was nothing less than the death of poor Tommy, who, to the eternal grief of his parents, and myself—for I loved him with all my heart—having now learned to swim a little, was drowned, while bathing with other boys in the river. How the catastrophe happened was not known, as none of his companions were by him at the moment; and, indeed, he

was not missed by them, until they had finished their sports and gone on shore to dress; when the sight of his clothes reminded them of his disappearance; nor was his body ever recovered. He was, as I have mentioned, an only son—I might almost have said, an only child; for, though Dr. Howard had another, a daughter, who was a year older than Tommy, yet she was, and, from her youth up, had been, of so frail a constitution, that nothing but her father's skill and extreme care seemed to keep her alive, and few believed her term of existence could extend to many years. The death of Tommy was, therefore, almost as heavy a blow as if he had been, in reality, an only child; and it plunged his father into a kind of despair that lasted several months; after which he gradually recovered his spirits, and began to treat me with uncommon marks of regard, transferring to me in a great degree the affection which had once been lavished on his son. In this he was imitated by his wife, an excellent woman, who had always distinguished me by her favour, and now carried her benevolence to such a pitch that, as I have been told, she once even proposed they should adopt me as their child, and give me their name; and, although the good doctor did not altogether consent to carry the matter so far, I was treated by them both as if the act of affiliation had really occurred, and also by the world at large—that is to say, the people of our town, who all considered that my fortune was now certainly made. My name was so far changed as to make it read Robin Day, instead of Robin Rusty; the Day, I presume, having been borrowed from my skipper.

## CHAPTER IV.

Three years at school, under the ancient system of education; with an account of Robin's rival, the heroic Dicky Dare, and the war of the Feds and Demics.

IN the meanwhile, I accommodated myself to the change with surprising readiness; and, as I grew older, I assumed the deportment, and gradually took upon me all the airs of a rich man's son, bearing my honours, and the favours of my protectors, with as much grace as if I had been born to them; and this presumption, as it was indicative of a gentlemanly spirit, and had the good fortune to be backed by a gentlemanly little body—for I was grown, as every body said, quite a pretty little fellow—served the purpose of endearing me still further to my pseudo-parents; who suffered me to fume and pout, to swell and strut, to play the impertinent and tyrant, and indulge all the other humours of a spoiled child, yielding to them with as much dutiful submissiveness as if they had been my parents in reality. And, certainly, so long as my good patroness lived—which, unhappily, was not long, for she died suddenly; of an affection of the heart, in but little more than a year after her son—even Tommy himself had not been more effectually humoured to the top of his bent.

But however bravely I bore it in my patron's

house, there was one place where my pretensions were not so readily submitted to; that is, at school, in which the only way to obtain supremacy, I found, was to fight for it, and drub down all opposition.

As I have represented the associates of my boyhood in no very amiable colours, as being neither Cupids nor cherubs, such as the poets delight to picture them, it may be supposed my delineations were meant to apply to my schoolmates especially; which is very true: only that the picture was then only half drawn, being a sketch designed only to embrace those general characteristics, which I supposed would apply to the whole race of schoolboys all over the continent. My own particular associates at school were individuals of a genus as much worse than the boys in general of that day, as the latter class was worse than the boys of this; in fact, a set of such imps and scapegallows as would now be considered fit only for a House of Refuge: in which opinion I think the reader will agree, when he has followed me through a few more chapters; although I shall speak of no more of their rogueries than are necessary as parts and illustrations of my own history.

In the first place, then, they were all sons of Ishmael, at war with themselves and every body else; and firmly persuaded, that, as courage was by far the highest and noblest of all human attributes, so strife and battle were the most delightful of human enjoyments. No new comer was allowed the freedom of the school, until he had undergone a sound drubbing; which was commonly inflicted the first day of his appearance; and I remember well how greatly I was astonished, on my first day, when, at the breaking up of school, a manikin of about my own size, whom I had never seen before, suddenly marched up to me, and scratched my buttons, (which, it ap-

pears, was a signal of defiance to mortal combat;) and, upon my replying only by an innocent stare, fetched me a cuff that sent me sprawling; a feat that was instantly rewarded by shouts and cries, from some, of, "Hurrah, Jim! give it to him handsome!" while others roared out, "Fair play! Let him up!—Hurrah for the monkey-faced little fellow!" meaning me; for there were some who heroically took my side of the question, and encouraged me to get up and fight like a good fellow. This was a piece of advice I was compelled to take whether I would or not, or otherwise be trounced, without making resistance; and, accordingly, I fell to work with great spirit, and had the satisfaction, after half an hour's combat, yard and yard arm, as the sailors say, of coming off second best—that is, of being flogged until I could stand up to be beaten no longer.

But, although thus vanquished, I gained a great deal of credit by the constancy with which I endured the pommelling: and the more particularly as I refused to the last moment to "holler enough," as my adversary, with great magnanimity, bawled at every blow; and when the affair was over, I was complimented on all sides as being "a knotty little feller, that had the game in him, and would be good fight some day or other;" and encouragingly assured that I had only been whipped, "because I did not know how to fight;" which was very true: as, from never having been in boys' company, I had never been in combat before in my whole life.

As for the credit I gained by enduring the beating so well, and not obeying the charge to cry enough, I am not so certain I deserved it; for, as to the latter point, the words were to me heathen Greek all, and I did not understand what was required of me; and as to the former, I had been so hardened to drub-

bing in the hands of my skipper, (which was the only benefit I ever derived from the villain,) that I cared no more for it, unless when it came in excess, than for the puffing of the winds.

This callousness or indifference to the pain of cuffing, gave me, with the honourable nickname of Sy Tough, which the boys presently bestowed upon me, an infinite advantage over all my schoolmates, as I soon discovered; and as my only deficiency was a lack of knowledge and skill in the art pugilistic, which, praised be my comrades, they gave me every opportunity to acquire, by engaging me in one battle at least, every day, I had the satisfaction, before my first quarter was out, of drubbing master Jim, my first antagonist, to his heart's content; and, in a few months more, of extending the same favour to three fourths of all the boys in school, so that I came to be looked upon, in time, as a young Julius Cæsar, a hero, a paragon of schoolboys.

How—as my disposition was naturally pacific, and as averse from squabbling and contention as could be desired—I ever came to be engaged in so many battles as it was my fate to fight—and, I think, for three years, they must have averaged at the rate of at least one and a half each day—I am scarce able to say; but, I believe, the chief cause was, that my schoolmates so willed it, there being a standing conspiracy among them to get up a battle whenever it was possible; each and every one of them, though not always fond of fighting in his own person, being delighted when others could be driven into it. This passion was especially observable among the bigger boys, who were never so well content as in setting their juniors by the ears; and, indeed, I have known them so bent upon their purpose, that when they found it impossible, by fair means, to engage a pair



of reluctant belligerents in affray, they did not hesitate to flog them into it.

With this class of worthies, the leaders of the school, it was my fate to become a favourite; and they proved their affection by engaging me in a never-ending round of conflicts; which, from my simplicity, ignorance, disregard of fisticuffs, and above all, a natural facility of being led by the nose, was no very difficult task.

In this way, it happened, that, in the course of two or three years, I had been involved in battle with every soul in the school (which varied in number from fifty to seventy boys,) that could be considered in any degree a suitable antagonist; and, as the toughness and insensibility to pain I have mentioned, gave me an advantage that no one else possessed, I usually came off victor; until, at last, there was but one other boy of my own degree who was able to dispute the palm with me.

This was Master Richard, or Dicky Dare, the son of an old captain of the Revolution, who had infused into his son's heart, the spirit not merely of a soldier, but of a whole regiment, and filled his head with drums, trumpets, ambition, glory and other martial trumpery, to such degree, that there was no room in it for any thing else. He was about my own age, i. e. about the age I was supposed to be—though somewhat taller and stronger; so that I should never have been able to contend with him for superiority, had it not been for the above mentioned toughness; and he had, like myself, under the direction of the seniors, drubbed all the rest of the school. Nothing remained, then, for our leaders but to pit us against each other; and—as neither was found the better man—to incite us to the tug of war as often as possible. In this latter particular, they succeeded so

well, that, after awhile, one battle a day between us became a matter of course, and was as regularly expected by the whole school, and ourselves, at the breaking up in the morning, as the dinners that were to follow it. And this kind of diversion we practised daily, to the infinite delight of our comrades, for more than a year; until, in fact, we, in our turn, had become big boys, and leaders and masters of the whole herd; which, like conquerors, we divided between us.

Nor let it be supposed, that, during this long period of strife, there was any peculiar animosity, or ill feeling, betwixt my rival and me; on the contrary, we drubbed one another into mutual friendship, in less than a month after the rivalry began; after which we continued to fight because it seemed to be expected of us, and because, from having fallen into the habit, we had come to consider it as very good pastime. Nor, when we ceased, as after a time we did, to pommel one another, did we leave it off from disgust of combat; but only that we might organize a plan devised by the martial Dicky, and recommence hostilities on a grander scale.

My rival, although pronounced by the master the greatest blockhead in school, (and truly, he never knew a lesson, that I, out of my friendship had not drilled into him,) was, nevertheless, the soul of honour and generosity, and a prodigious genius into the bargain; nature having intended him to rule the million, and trample nations under his feet; though an unfortunate accident caused him to leave the world before his work was completed. The military spirit, which, it was said, he had inherited from his father, and which had hitherto been indicated only by a love of fisticuffs, was beginning to blaze out its nobler attributes; ambition, the love of rule, and a desire

and resolution to fight his further battles, not with his own hands merely, but with the fists of his inferiors. He was determined to organize his adherents, who made up one half the school, into an army, of which he was to be General; and he desired me to do the same with mine; with which forces, after having disciplined them to our minds, we should fight our battles like true soldiers.

The notion was as agreeable to our adherents as to ourselves; and, in a very brief space, behold us, to wit, General Dicky Dare, and General Sy Tough, (for by that sobriquet my school-mates always preferred to distinguish me,) each at the head of his train-bands, all in Coventry uniform, tag, rag, and bobtail, with shingle-swords and broomstick-musketts, banners of old paper-hangings, and full bands of music—for, in truth, every soul, the generals only excepted, was musician as well as soldier—in which old kettles and frying-pans contended with conches and tin-horns, and fifes and pitch-pipes with penny-whistles, jews-harps, and comb-organs. In such array, and all eager for the battle, we were wont to meet, of Saturday afternoons, on the school house green; and, having saluted each other with a preliminary shower or two of pebbles and potatoes, march gallantly up to the charge, and to it pell-mell like brave fellows; so that the plain of Troy and Donnybrook-fair were mere nothings in comparison. And such battles, fought with extreme rancour, and at an expense of numberless broken heads, and, once or twice, a broken bone, we never could give over, until the towns-people, who by no means encouraged such excesses, fell foul of us with switches and horse-whips, and so routed both armies together.

Such interference we deemed a great hardship, as the sport was in great vogue among us; and the more

particularly as we had dubbed our parties, respectively, Feds and Demies—that is, Federalists and Democrats—in imitation of the grown children, our fathers of the country at large, and thought we had as much right as they, under the above titles, to knock one another on the head. But the enemy, or the armed intervention, prevailed; switches and horsewhips were weapons we could not resist; and both armies, having been effectually routed half a dozen times, were finally disbanded, to the unspeakable grief of my great rival, General Dare; who mourned his discomfiture in sorrow and humiliation, but was too great of soul to despair. His spirit was, indeed, not to be vanquished by one rebuff; and his genius soon supplied, in a new undertaking, a nobler field of fame than that from which we had been driven.

## CHAPTER V.

The patriot Dare preaches the doctrine of schoolboys' rights, and the young Republicans strike for freedom.

THE seminary of which I have spoken under the disparaging name of school, enjoyed the nobler title of Academy, to which it had the better right, as its affairs were administered by Trustees, who never troubled their heads about it, and was intended to indoctrinate boys in all kinds of learning, from spelling in two syllables up to the Pons Asinorum and *Hic-hæc-hoc*. The only difficulty, as some esteemed it, was that the task of dispensing these multifarious subjects of education was made the duty of one single teacher, there being neither assistant nor usher in the school: but the duty was, after all, no great matter in a country where it is every man's business to be a jack of all trades, and capable of turning his hand to any thing.

The worthy person to whom was committed this weighty charge, I have not yet spoken of; nor do I now think it necessary to say any thing more of him than that his name was Burley, his nickname Old Bluff, and that he was a very good sort of person, who was so occupied in horsing and trouncing his scholars all day long, that he had little time left for any thing else, and in particular, none at all for directing their studies.

This latter circumstance, as we had the true school-boy detestation of hard lessons, endeared him very greatly to our affections; though there was a good deal of grumbling on account of the trouncing; so that, to balance matters fairly, as he lost as much good will by one peculiarity as he gained by the other, he may be said to have occupied a very doubtful place in our regards. Unfortunately, however, he chose to side with the town's people in their opposition to the warlike pastime just mentioned, which he professed to consider a very outrageous irregularity, disreputable to the school and to him, its master, and calling for the severest measures to put it down. These measures involved, of course, a prodigious amount of flogging; of which, though all had their proportion, a principal share fell to the commanders in chief of the two armies—that is, to Dickey Dare and myself. The school had been ever a Babel: but it was now Pandemonium itself, nothing being heard from morning till night, but the thwacks of the birch and ferule, and the yells of infant innocence. Inexpressible were the terror, the confusion, the lamentation that prevailed; and broken spirits and broken hearts, and tingling palms and smarting backs, were the lot of all.

In this exigency, the genius of General Dare, whose soul only grew the bigger under oppression, and whose ambition took a higher flight for every ignominious elevation upon a schoolmate's back, devised an expedient, than which nothing could have been better contrived to obviate every difficulty, to free us from present pangs, and secure us from all future tyranny. Taking advantage of our assembling together, one morning after school—alas, assembling no longer to fight or play, but to mourn our sufferings and invoke execrations on the

head of our tyrant—he invited us to follow him into a neighbouring grave-yard, (a favourite place of meeting, whenever we had any mischief to concoct;) where, mounting upon a grave stone—a proper rostrum for an occasion so solemn—doffing his hat with the graceful courtesy, and puckering up his visage with the zeal for the public good, of a veteran stump-erator, he began to harangue us in the following terms:

“I tell you what, boys and fellers,” he cried, jumping *in medias res* with the directness of a Spartan, “there’s no two words about the matter, and the long and short of it is, Old Bluff is the biggest old tyrant that ever was, and treats us like slaves and Guinea niggers; which is a thing quite unbearable and scandalous; because as how, this is a free land, and we are free people, as good as any body else; and it’s agin all law and constitution for any body to treat any body like a slave, except the niggers; which is because the niggers is slaves, and not free people. Now I’ll tell you what, by Julius Cæsar, I’ve been considering about school-keeping and flogging the boys; and I’ve just made it out, they ha’n’t no right, no how, to do no such thing in America; because as how, we have n’t no kings here, but Presidents, which is made by the people, and is the people’s servants, and has n’t no right to hang people, and cut off their heads and flog ’em; because how, they a’n’t kings, but Presidents; and it’s just the same thing with schoolmasters, for all of their cutting up like kings, for they a’n’t kings, but only Presidents. Now, you see, this is a free land, and a republic, which is all freedom and equality; and the people is n’t ruled over by nobody, like England, and Rome, and Greece, and them foreign parts; but they governs themselves; and when there’s any

body to be punished for kicking up, why the people tells the President, and he gives it to 'em. And so it's just as clear as coffee, it ought to be the same thing in a school; for *we're* the people, and Old Bluff's only the President; and Old Bluff has n't no right to give it to any of us, until *we* say so; because as how, we're freemen, by Julius Cæsar! and we ought to govern ourselves!"

This doctrine, which was worthy a child of the republic, was highly acceptable to the boys, and they agreed, *nem. con.*, that Old Bluff had no right to flog them; but, nevertheless, it was sagaciously argued, he *did* flog them; and how were they to help themselves?

"Why," said our Demosthenes, with a proud and resolved look, "just do as our dads did before us; for if it had n't been for them, we would n't have had no Presidents over us at all, but kings. For you must know, we was once slaves, and old king George, he was king over us; and he carried on as he liked, and cut off heads, and horsed and flogged the people, and all that, just like Old Bluff. Well, you see, the old folks could n't stand that, and they turned about and they licked him;—father, he was one of 'em, and he has told me all about it till I'm tired of it, he makes such long stories about it: they trounced the old feller: it was what you call the Revolution. And ever since that, there's been no more kings to flog us, but only Presidents. And so here's just my idea: if Old King Bluff won't stop trouncing, why we'll have a Revolution too, and we'll turn on him and give it to him—thump him, the old rascal! thump him like thunder!"

Thump him! thump Old Bluff! The idea was at first too great for our conceptions, and made us look aghast. But the spirit of the young patriot, who had



delivered the last words with terrible resolution, was not to be checked. "Thump him's the idea, my fellers!" he resumed; "and we can do it just as easy as the old folks thumped King George; because as how, he's but one man, and we're sixty-four: (sixty-four's the number, for I was counting you over, all the morning;) by Julius Cæsar! we're enough to eat him up! All we want is the pluck: and if we've only got that, what's one feller of a man among us?"

In short, the young hero made it apparent to the meanest of our capacities and the weakest of our hearts, that nothing could be easier than for sixty-four boys, of whom at least a dozen were full sixteen years old, and two or three, like himself, nearly a year older, to bring our tyrant to a reckoning for all his manifold oppressions and acts of cruelty; and having debated the matter over again twice or thrice, to determine upon a plan of proceedings, it was at last unanimously resolved to begin a revolution forthwith, for the purpose of dethroning the despot; or reducing him to the level of a mere president of the school, and establishing our rights upon a firm republican basis, to endure for ever.

This resolution, which the democratic reader cannot but approve, we had an opportunity to put into practice the very next morning, when our tyrant, unconscious of the mine about to burst under his feet, proceeded to begin the business of the school in his usual way; that is, by calling up for punishment an unlucky little culprit, whom he judged most worthy of his favour at that moment. Upon this, the patriotic Dare, who had offered himself for this trying duty, rose behind his desk, and catching up a pewter inkstand of some two pounds in weight, addressed the astonished autocrat as follows:

"I tell you what, Old Bluff!—that is, Mr. Burley!

—we have a sort of resolved, all of us, that this here eternal horsing and thumping is not the sort of thing we can stand any longer; because as how, this is a free country, where the people is all free republican people, and we boys is as free people as any body else, and will fight for our rights like our fathers before us. And so don't touch that boy; for we won't stand such doings no longer; we won't, by Julius Cæsar!"

This address, and the menacing attitude which all the boys, thus encouraged by their patriot leader, immediately assumed, each grasping at some weapon or other, a slate or book, or whatever he could pick up, seemed to have actually petrified the pedagogue, who turned pale, and sat down, staring around him as if in a dream; of which the lad whom he had called up, took advantage to sneak away to his bench; while the insurgents, not doubting that their tyrant was actually—to use their own elegant word—cowed by their display of resolution, began to resume their seats, uttering murmurs of felicitation and triumph. The sound awoke the master from his trance; he sprang up, and grasping his birch, called out in a most furious voice—"You Dickey Dare-devil, what's that you?—Come here, you villain, and I'll trounce you!"

"I won't be trounced," said Dickey Dare, "except by a vote of the boys; for I goes on the popular principle, and ——" But Dickey had not time to finish his sentence; for Burley immediately rushed forward to seize him, which Dickey was fain to avoid by leaping over his desk to the floor; where, being closely followed, he let fly his inkstand, by which he did great damage to the head of one his schoolmates, without, however, hurting the master, and then dropping like a log on the floor, whereby

the autocrat, whose legs he dexterously seized upon, was suddenly overturned, with a shock that left him for a moment quite breathless. "Now, fellers!—them that ain't cowards, fall on!" cried the hero to his fellow conspirators; who, having been somewhat horrified by the sudden rally of the enemy, now recovered courage, and rushed upon him pell-mell; so that when he recovered from the shock of his fall, not Gulliver himself, waking from his first nap in Lilliput, was more multitudinously overrun by the bodies, or more hopelessly secured in the toils of his pygmy foes.

"Bang away," roared General Dare, the patriot; "down goes all tyrants! Freedom and equality for ever! All them that's got sore bones, pay him up old scores."

Horrible were the din and confusion that now prevailed; and horrible also, for a moment, were the struggles of the downfallen monarch; who, however, being somewhat troubled with an asthma, became after a time completely exhausted and incapable of further resistance; upon which Master Dare demanded handkerchiefs to bind him securely; which being effected, this incomparable putter-down of tyrants snatched up a birchen twig, and dispensed, with uncommon coolness, a dozen thwacks upon the victim's shoulders. Nor did he rest here, but passing the rod from hand to hand, compelled every member of the new born republic to administer, in like manner, the same number of blows; which were, in general, laid on with exceeding good will. This being accomplished, he called for three cheers; after which we all took to our heels, leaving the deposed ruler to his meditations.

The result of this exploit exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We had our misgivings,

when it was over, as to its effects upon the good people of the town, especially upon our parents and guardians; who, we feared, might espouse the enemy's interests, and exact a terrible retribution. But, as our good fortune would have it, Burley was by no means a favourite of the people, his manners being stiff and disagreeable, and his severity in school occasionally made the subject of remark and disapproval; and his misadventure, which was indeed surprising and ridiculous enough, excited much more mirth than commiseration. The disgrace of the thing, added to this want of sympathy, and the impossibility of obtaining any satisfaction or reparation, for he was ashamed to carry his complaints before a magistrate, drove the poor fellow half mad; so that he packed up his effects, and in two days decamped from the town, without any one knowing whither he had gone.

## CHAPTER VI.

**The Academy is converted into a Republic; and how it prospered under its Presidents.**

THE exploit was productive also of another effect extremely advantageous to our schoolboy interests. It set the town people to discussing the merits of the flogging system of education; which being now brought under consideration for the first time, was pronounced by the majority entirely unsuited to the character and genius of a republican people; whose children, it was demonstrated, ought to be brought up with the highest ideas of personal independence and honour, of freedom and equality, which the tyranny of the rod must inevitably beat out of their tender spirits. To subject them to the sway of a despot in youth, was to prepare them for slavery in their riper years, to render them the ready prey of any designing demagogue, who might aim at the liberties of the people. In short, this question (there being a minority opposed to the new doctrine,) produced a furious ferment in the town, and would, I doubt not, in time, have resulted in an entire change in the State Government; for it was fast assuming a political aspect; when it was put an end to by the minority yielding the point, and agreeing with the others that the Academy should thenceforth be governed on republican principles—that is, that there should be no more flogging.

In pursuance of this resolve, a new teacher was sought for, capable of administering *Hic-hæc-hoc* on the new system; and a worthy personage, who had previously made application for the vacancy, and was willing to try the experiment, was engaged, and forthwith entered upon his Presidential labours.

The experiment, in his hands, lasted only a fortnight; for whether it was that he was at heart opposed to the system, or that we were as yet too young in liberty to know how to enjoy the blessing in moderation, it is very certain that, at the expiration of the second week, he summoned the Trustees together, assured them that the republican system of schoolkeeping was all moonshine, and declared that unless he was permitted to resort to the *ultima ratio pædagogorum*, i. e. the birch, to maintain his authority, he must give up his charge altogether. And as he was as resolute in his demand as the Trustees were in refusing it, the controversy ended in his immediate abdication.

A new teacher was soon obtained, who warmly approved of the new principle, and averred, that, from his experience, boys were more easily, as well as more profitably, governed by appealing to their pride and good sense than to their palms and shoulders—that the rod, which always left the memory and taint of dishonour, or any kind of bodily punishment, did more harm than good—that *he* had never trounced a lad in his life; but in extreme cases, had found that exposing the culprit to the ridicule of his playmates, was sufficient, and, indeed, the most effectual punishment that could be inflicted. And this kind of punishment he proposed to administer by means of a foolscap or ass's head, I know not which he called it, (but I remember it had long ears, with little bells all over it,) to be clapped on the offender's

head; and this the trustees, after he had displayed it for their inspection and admiration on his own head, (which, I think, it must have become exceedingly,) agreed he should be permitted to introduce into the school.

The first trial was unfortunately made upon the poll of General Dickey Dare, for some slight offence—I believe, whistling Yankee Doodle in the midst of a recitation, of which he was growing tired—who took it in great dudgeon, and indeed, flung it out the window; a freedom that the President, forgetting his horror of all bodily punishment, resisted by a furious box on the ear. This outrage, the more intolerable, as all now knew that the trustees themselves had espoused our cause, and forbidden flogging *in toto*, was instantly avenged by a volley of inkstands from all quarters of the room; by which the aggressor was so amazed and terrified that he immediately leaped out of the same window that had given exit to the foolscap, which, with himself, was never more seen in the Academy.

The next teacher obtained, met the views of all concerned, being a very amiable, indolent personage who agreed the more readily to adopt the republican system, as he had just brains enough to perceive it would save him a vast deal of trouble. He seemed very well content we should do as we pleased, get our lessons when we liked, and as we liked, come in and go out, laugh, talk, play, fight, or do any thing else just as we thought proper; a degree of forbearance that won our entire love and respect, which we were accustomed to show by peppering him, whenever he was in a brown study, with potato popguns and showers of ripe elder-berries; by emptying the ink bottle on his chair, when he appeared in white trousers, and strewing it with pin

caltrops when in brown; and by sundry other innocent tricks, wherewith tender juvenals delight to show their affection. These little freedoms, it is true, sometimes drove him into a passion, when he scolded at us with great energy and emphasis; but they gave him no disgust to the school, in which he might have perhaps remained the president to this day, had it not been for a discovery made by some busy bodies, which brought his administration to a close, after six months' sway, and wrought somewhat of a change in public opinion on the subject of the new system.

The discovery was, that, under the said system, learning was at a stand-still, the boys having actually advanced in nothing but mischief during all that period. The system was again brought under discussion; the minority who had originally opposed it, repeated their denunciations; and, after another squabble, which, this time, bade fair to shake even the National Government, (so hot, furious, political and patriotic were the passions it excited,) our enemies prevailed, and schoolboy rights and schoolboy glory fell for ever.

It was now urged, that the best way to bring up the boys of a republic in detestation of tyrants, was to put tyrants over them during their school days, and thwack them into a thorough appreciation of the horrors and inconveniences of oppression. In short, it was agreed that the Ancien Régime should be restored, and the birch used as before; or, at least, so far as was necessary to help us along with our books, and keep us on our best behaviour.

In coming to this resolution, our enemies (for so we now considered the trustees, and all who took part with them,) forgot the lessons of history and experience; which teach, that, however easy it may



be to enslave a people who have enjoyed freedom so long as to be tired of it, it is by no means easy to subjugate those who have just come to a taste of it. Had they pondered this truth a little, they would have saved themselves a good deal of surprise at what befell, upon the third day of the reign of the new master they had appointed to rule over us; when that indiscreet personage, having flourished his rod for the first time, was valiantly set upon by General Dare and the rest, and ejected from the premises, after having suffered a castigation ten times more severe and wholesome than any he could have ever designed to inflict.

Another teacher was obtained, and with a like result; and then another, whose reign was as briefly and ingloriously brought to an end; by which time, the trustees, who were now unanimously of opinion, that the democratic system had ruined us, and were resolved to leave no means untried to flog us into submission, began to perceive a difficulty in obtaining masters—those whom we had driven from the chair having united in representing us as such a set of bloody-minded young desperadoes, nay, of incarnate imps, that others of the race were filled with terror, and declined having any thing to do with the school; and, in fact, there was an inter-regnum of two months, during which we happy republicans enjoyed a famous holiday.

## CHAPTER VII.

A conspiracy against the liberties of the infant republic; and  
President M'Goggin is elected to rule over it.

AT the end of this space, the trustees succeeded in engaging the services of a personage, who, I verily believe, was procured for the sole purpose of testing the efficacy of the *brutum fulmen*, of subjugating us by main force; for he was an illiterate vulgar dolt, an Irishman just caught, who professed, as he said himself, to teach nothing but "r'ading, writing, 'rithmetic, and dacent manners;" although, in other respects, the very man the trustees wanted. His name was M'Goggin. He was six-feet high, and limbed and shouldered like a Hercules; and, indeed, of such strength and activity, that, had he been set at the business for which he was best qualified—that is, canal-digging—I have no doubt he would have cut through the Isthmus of Panama in a month, without any assistance. He had an ugly look, too, about the eyes, which, besides being of the colour of a cat's, were overshadowed by a pair of brows of such a bigness and appearance that they looked like two stuffed rat-skins stuck on with glue; and his complexion was of the hue of sole-leather, plentifully besprinkled with freckles of the size of half-dimes. To add to his demerits, he was entirely incapable of fear, and had such a natural love of a row, that, when informed

by the trustees of our character and doings, and the probability, or indeed, certainty of his soon being embroiled with us, he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and declared we were "swate little divils," and that "we should get along very well together."

I remember very well the impression which the first view of this destined enslaver produced upon the scholars; and it was none the weaker for some hints of his qualities which had begun to circulate among us. We were assembled at the Academy door, comparing accounts, when the new President was pointed out by one who had seen him before, crossing the street to a turnstile, which led into the schoolhouse green, through a fence full five feet high. We all pronounced him a giant, and some one said he looked as if he could "walk over the fence like nothing;" a declaration, which, though made in jest, was justified by the event; for the gentleman, neglecting the stile, either because he did not see it, or scorned to pass by a mode so humble and commonplace, suddenly leaped into the air and over the fence, without so much as laying his hands upon it; which, indeed, he could not do, both hands being occupied by two mysterious-looking bundles, the nature of which, at that distance, we could not make out. The facility with which he performed this wondrous feat, as if it were a matter of every day's occurrence, and the appearance he had in the air so like a fiery dragon or a flying dromedary, struck a kind of terror into the youthful republicans, who looked upon one another with blank visages; and then, as Mr. M'Goggin drew nigh, slunk away silently into the school, and betook them to their seats.

In a moment more, M'Goggin entered; and we then saw that the two bundles he carried were com-

posed of goodly birchen twigs, there being at least a groce of them altogether; and this sight, it may be supposed, did not banish the chill of our first impressions. These odious emblems of rule, carried on his shoulders like the fasces of a Roman lictor, he bore to the master's desk, situated on a platform; which having ascended, he turned upon us the light of his countenance, and roared, (for his voice was like the bellow of a bull,) in tones that made the glasses rattle, and, I might almost add, some of our bones into the bargain—"Good morrow till ye, ye spalpeens! I'm your masher and t'acher—Get up and make me a bow, to show your good manners."

Now whether it was that there was electricity in his tones, or that we were all willing to prove we were well bred young gentlemen, it is very certain that every soul in school, at these words, bounced up and fell to scraping and ducking with the utmost civility; which being done, the invader, dropping down upon his chair, roared out again, before we could follow his example and resume our seats, which we were about to do—"Stand at aise!—as ye are, ye rapperses, 'till I lay down the law till ye!"

In this, also, he was obeyed; though I cannot say any of us actually stood at our ease, but, on the contrary, we remained casting wild and anxious glances one upon another, as if doubting whether we had not of a sudden got some dangerous nondescript animal, instead of a new preceptor, among us. But the gentleman gave us no time for pondering. "Now, ye blackguards!" he cried, "listen to my spache, and remimber it every letther; and him that doesn't, belave me, I'll have the skin of him. D'ye hear, ye vagebones! Now, thin, I'm tould ye're an iligant set of divil's imps, one an' all, that knows nayther manners, nor obadience, nor dacency of be-

haviour; but, arrah, ye devils, look me in the face, till I tell ye what I am of *meself*, that is the Master over ye!"

Every eye was at once obediently turned upon the gentleman, who with furious voice, and hideous contortions of countenance, like a bulldog taking physic, continued:

"Be the powers, I'm nothing at all at all, only jist the gentleman that will bate the wickedness out of ye! D'ye hear *that*, ye rascallions?"

And with that, Mr. M'Goggin, whose ire seemed to rise at the sound of his own voice, jumped up again; and flourishing his birches, a whole bundle at a time, again burst forth: "D'ye want to be licked, ye devils? I'm tould, ye're grand fighting ganiuses. But d'ye want it? Does any of ye want it? If so, spake; spake up like big little fellows, any of ye; for, be me sowl, I'm itching to begin wid ye!"

This harangue; or rather defiance, for it was nothing less, the horrid fellow concluded by marching round the room, and prying into every countenance, as if for the purpose of finding some one disposed to try conclusions with him; and it is wonderful with what pacific modesty every eye was cast to the floor, the moment Mr. M'Goggin stood before its possessor. Even General Dicky Dare, who we thought could face Old Nick himself, was observed to become so studious and intent upon a sum he was working on his slate, as the gorgon passed, as to be quite unable to lift his eyes up to it. In short, we were all very peaceably inclined that morning, and stood the challenge with patience—because, as we agreed, as soon as we got out of school, Mr. M'Goggin was a stranger, and it was not worth while to quarrel with him at the first introduction. Besides, as we also

concluded, it would be just as well to wait a while, to know what sort of a person he was.

In this particular, Mr. M'Goggin did all he could to gratify us, by laying open his characteristics as fast as possible. I should rather say, his characteristic, for he had but one; and that was a raging desire to get an opportunity to trounce some of us. He sat upon the watch all day long, birch in hand, threatening, fifty times an hour, if a boy did but look up, or scratch his head, or drop a book, or stir on his seat, or do, in fact, any thing at all, to "bate" him, if he did that again; and as we were all too intent upon the study of his characteristics, as above, to think of giving him such an opportunity of quarrelling with us, it so happened that, for five whole days, to the infinite astonishment of the whole town, we were the best behaved boys that were ever seen in a school-room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

President M'Goggin converts his government into a despotism: the patriots rise in insurrection, and strike a terrible blow for freedom: the effects of the great battle between the oppressor and the oppressed.

ON the sixth day, the usurper waxing weary of his close application, and deeming his power perfectly established, began to relax somewhat in his vigilance; and in the afternoon took occasion to pay a visit to a house across the way, that he had hired for the reception of his family, which, with the assistance of an old negress whom he had taken into his service, he was now fitting up for his residence. We took advantage of his absence to relax a little ourselves, being as tired as he of the stupidity of the five former days; and not knowing in what better way to amuse ourselves, we got up a little fight between two of the juniors; and this gradually setting some half dozen others by the ears, there presently arose a prodigious uproar, which reached the auditories of M'Goggin, and brought him immediately back. As we had warning of his return, the fray was over, and we were all at our seats, diligently poring over books and slates, before he entered; which he did with thundering step, bellowing, as he snatched up a bundle of his birches—"Who's been fighting? Tell me, ye villains, and I'll give

it till 'em!"—a question which, being addressed to the whole school, no one felt himself called on to answer.

Seeing this, and having repeated the question a second time without effect, M'Goggin strode to the door, locked it, and deposited the key in his pocket; and we were thus shut up with the tiger, with no possibility of escape; a horrid situation; but its very desperateness began to infuse a kind of courage into the breasts of many of us. Then stepping back to his platform, he cried out again, with a most ferocious look—"Arrah, ye little divils, ye don't think I'm now going to tache you a lesson! Look upon me face! I intind to ask you the question one afther another; and him that doesn't answer, be the powers, I'll have the sowl of of him! And, be me faith, I'll begin wid the biggest of ye."

And with that, he stepped up to Dicky Dare, (who, being now driven to the wall, exchanged glances with me, full of martial meaning and resolution,) and demanded—"Who's been fighting, ye spalpeen."

"Why, really," responded Dicky, modestly, (but I observed he stole his fingers towards an inkstand; and I did the same, besides winking invitingly to others to make ready,) "I have been so busy with this here problem, I can't pretend to say any thing about it."

"Ye lie, ye vagabone!" cried the tyrant; an expression that the insulted general immediately retorted by calling him an "Irish blackguard," and throwing the contents of the inkstand into his face; while, at the same moment, down came, like the tail of a comet, whisking a world out of its sphere, the whole bundle of switches upon Dicky's head,



whereby, as he afterwards said, he got six dozen stripes all in one. "Hurrah for freedom and school-boys' rights!" roared Dicky, making the inkstand follow the ink. "Come up to the scratch, boys, and we'll trounce the black-faced beggar in no time;"—a call that was responded to by some twenty or thirty of us, who felt that the case was desperate, and that we must fight now or yield forever. But more than half our republicans, I am ashamed to say, were under such terror of the oppressor's looks, that they sat still, giving us no assistance whatever.

And now came the tug of war—the crashing of the bundled birches on heads and shoulders, the rattling of inkstands against breast, wall and window—the shout, the cry, the rush, the scuffle, the squeak and groan, the thump, the kick, the slip, the tumble, the sound of rending garments—for it was a Kilkenny business, and coats and jackets went to pieces, if they did not utterly vanish in dust and smoke. Never did twenty patriots rush to the attack of their country's foe with nobler intrepidity than we; never did twenty bulldogs more valiantly leap upon the throat and back of armed rhinoceros or Hyrcan tiger. In short, we did wonders, but the greatest wonder of all was, that we did wonders in vain; for, in five minutes space, there was not a soul of us that was not put *hors de combat*. Valour, patriotism, the love of liberty and glory, could do nothing against a foe like Mr. M'Goggin; who, having snatched up General Dare, as General Dare would have snatched up a kitten, and slung him round by the leg, in a circle, as a slinger whirls his sling, whereby myself and seven others were laid flat, and Dicky, who unfortunately slipped through his fingers, lodged on the top of a

bookcase that contained the school library—caught up another combatant, whom he hurled like a cannon ball at the heads of the rest, disabling four, as well as his missile, and ended by demolishing the others in the usual Irish way, that is, by knocking them down with his fists.

This ending, however, was, with him, only the beginning; for, having now rendered the whole of us conformable, he recurred to his birches, and flogged us—alas, no longer resisting! in a manner that is quite indescribable. In short, he entirely used up his bundle of six dozen upon us; and this being done, he appropriated the remaining fascis to the others, the non-combatant members of the confederacy, whom he trounced with great regularity and impartiality, one after the other, till he had gone over the whole school. In half an hour, we were a vanquished people—all vanquished, all subdued—dreaming no longer of our rights, but of our backs—crest-fallen, heart-fallen, chop-fallen, without the courage left us even to indulge the hope of vengeance.

But vengeance was, nevertheless, in store.

## CHAPTER IX.

Robin escapes from slavery, and begins to be a young person of promise.

AT the time of M'Goggin's appearance and usurpation, I was, or (for the matter was by no means certain) was supposed to be very nearly seventeen years old; an age at which the reader may be surprised at finding me still a schoolboy.

To explain this circumstance, I may observe, first, that boys in my day, and in that country, were not supposed to reach the years of discretion so soon as they do now; it being no uncommon thing to see gawky fellows of eighteen or nineteen, with mown chins and bass voices, sitting at the desk in school, as simple as their neighbours, or playing shinney on the green with all the zeal and *abandon* of boyhood. This undoubtedly arose, in a great measure, from the defective system and means of education; but in part also, from the negligent way in which boys were brought up by their parents; who, having their heads full of their own business, were usually glad to delegate all charge of them, with all the trouble, to ill-rewarded and incompetent schoolmasters.

When boys were intended for college, greater pains were indeed taken to find them good teachers, who inspired them with early manliness; but in the

common schools, where the majority of lads were to finish their education, the masters being such ignoramuses as I have described, they were commonly left to themselves, and remained, to all purposes, boys, until their education, or rather the period assigned to it, was completed; when, being taken away from school, they immediately became men; the change being effected, like that from day to night in tropical regions, without any twilight, or gradual merging of the one into the other. The manner of the transformation was as ridiculous as its instantaneousness was striking. A neckcloth and a pair of high heeled boots were put on; and then the wearer suddenly amazed his friends by beginning to talk grammar—that is, by saying, for “them fellers” “those felloes,” for “me and him,” “he and I,” &c. —using big words, and trouncing all the boys, his associates of the day before, who accosted him with the old familiar nickname of friendship, instead of saluting him by the honourable title of *Mister*.

There was the additional reason for my remaining so long a schoolboy, that I was more than twelve years old before I began my education, and was, at that period, as I have mentioned, several years behind my age, as it respected the growth of both mind and body. It is true, that, having once taken a start, I was soon on a par, as to intelligence, with other boys of my age, and, in some respects, even advanced beyond them; but I was certainly, like the rest, a mere boy, so long as I remained at school—and, indeed, as the reader may perhaps think, for a good while afterwards.

From what I have said of the anxiety of parents to escape the charge and trouble of their children, it will not seem very surprising that little was done on their part, to abate or punish the excesses into which

we were driven by the belligerent and democratic spirit prevailing amongst us. There was, undoubtedly, great commotion among them at every new flogging and expulsion of the master they had set over us; at such times they scolded us with great energy, expatiated upon the enormity of the offence, and even threatened us with the terrors of private castigation;—nay, sometimes, even vowed they would give us up to the civil authorities, to be punished for riot and assault and battery. As for expelling us the school, that was never talked of, for the excellent reason that, as every one of us hated school more than any thing else in the world, so expulsion would have been esteemed the greatest favour they could have bestowed on us. It is very certain that, whatever they did to bring us back to reason, they failed to effect their purpose.

In my own case, I must confess, that the share I had in all these excesses was very disagreeable to my good patron; who, although immersed in the cares of his laborious and harassing profession, was yet at pains to watch over me as much as he could, to admonish me of the folly and wickedness (for so he called it,) of my behaviour, and, pointing out the peculiar impropriety and heinousness of it in my case, to exhort me to such modesty of deportment and devotion to my studies as my peculiar situation made the more imperatively necessary. Such discourses had their effect only for a time; for, whatever were the virtuous resolutions I framed, and the promises I made him, I was sure, so easily was I led away by the example and incitements of my school-mates, to be as bad, in a week or two, as ever.

This incorrigibleness, and the disappointment of the hopes he had once indulged of my growing up worthy of his care and affection, his disgust of my bois-

terous conduct, and indignation at my folly, gradually undermined me in his regards; and the alienation was the more rapid, as well as excusable, because he had now an object upon whom nature impelled him to lavish all his richest affections.

His little daughter of whom I have spoken—her name was Nanna, derived, I believe, from some Swedish ancestress on the maternal side—as one whom, from her infirm constitution, every body almost daily expected to see fall into the tomb, began, about the period of her mother's death, to exhibit symptoms of returning health; which being taken immediate advantage of by her skilful parent, she was in a few months, to his own inexpressible joy and the amazement of every one else, restored to complete health. The development of her faculties, her rapid advance in beauty, grace, sweetness of disposition—in every thing that could warm the heart, and inflame the pride, of a doting father, were indeed surprising; and at the time of which I speak—that is when I reached what was supposed to be the verge of my eighteenth year—she was a creature, being then nearly fifteen years old, whom no one could look upon without interest and admiration. She was the loveliest of creatures; and I, who had, from habit, grown to regard her as, and to call her, a sister, was as proud of her beauty as was my patron, her father himself. It was not, therefore, unnatural, having such a being, his own offspring, to love, that he should love me less; and whatever pain I felt at the change in his affections—for, boy as I was, I perceived there *was* a change—I ceased to regret it, when I thought that he had taken from me, only to bestow on Nanna. However, I do not intend to be sentimental.

It could not be otherwise than that such a being,

with whom my daily and hourly intercourse was that of a brother, should, sooner or later, exercise a strong and happy influence, even without knowing it herself, over both my manners and my feelings; and it is to the commencement of that influence, more than to the remonstrances of my patron, that I date the first improvement in both. So true it is, that the silent, and even unsuspected, influence of woman sways the heart more strongly to virtue and manliness than the wisest admonitions of sages.

I felt this influence for the first time, when rushing into the before mentioned battle with President M'Goggin; which, indeed, I entered into with no small degree of reluctance; though as M'Goggin was such a champion as I had never before broken lance with, I cannot, for the life of me, say whether there was not quite as much deterring influence of another kind—*videlicet*, a fear of the consequences. But that battle over, I am very certain, I began to experience the unmixt influence of Nanna in the feelings that followed; for I was ashamed of myself for having got such a flogging; whereas I never remember to have experienced any shame after a flogging before, the whole gist of the grief, in such cases, lying only in the pain of the blows.

And I felt that influence still more strongly in a desire that immediately seized me to leave the school; and that, not merely for the purpose of escaping similar humiliations for the future, of which, I confess, I had no little dread, but that I might begin a course of reform and amendment in my life and manners, which, I had a vague notion, I could not so easily do, while remaining a boy at school. In this feeling, I took advantage of a lecture my patron gave me on the subject of this last and greatest, the M'Goggin battle, to assure him I was sorry for my

ill deeds, and desirous to live a new life more in consonance with his wishes; and in fine, begged him, as that was a necessary preliminary, to take me from M'Goggin's hands and from school.

To this he consented; and then, having endeavoured to impress upon my mind a sense of my peculiar situation, as one which, (putting his own kindness, and the dependence I might place on it, out of the question,) should make a youth of spirit eager to embrace every means of securing his own independence; and assuring me that he did this, not by way of hinting an intention of withdrawing his protection, which he should continue to me, until my own misconduct rendered it impossible, which he hoped, notwithstanding all that had passed, should never be the case: having done this, I say, he offered to my choice either to go to college, (after having spent one year in careful preparation at some distant and secluded school;) which having passed through, he would then advise with me as to my future course; or to enter his office, and there, while striving as far as possible by my own diligent efforts, to repair some of the deficiencies of my education, to be instructed by him, by and by, in his own profession, and thus be prepared for future usefulness in the world. Either of these plans, he said, I was free to adopt; and, in either, he would give me all the assistance I could expect from a parent; but, whichever might be my choice, he would expect of me a promise of such diligence and good conduct as it was both a parent's right and duty to expect.

My first inclinations were very clearly in favour of the first named proposal; for I thought from what I had often heard, there must be grand fun at a college: and, in fact, in the midst of all the solemn admonitions, and exhortations upon the necessity of



soberness and diligence which my benefactor was giving me, my imagination was most easily seduced by the ideas of sport and frolic. To the college, therefore, I felt strongly inclined; and I was about to say so, when (and I know not why such a consideration should enter my brain) I was struck with the thought that Nanna would not be there; and as it was but a step in the process of association to remember that Nanna would be where I was, I immediately resolved upon the latter proposal; at which, I thought, the good doctor looked a little gratified. I promised all he wished as to diligence, good behaviour, &c.; and should have promised the contrary, or any thing else, just as easily. In fact, I was not at all accustomed to trouble myself with doing things upon reflection, in those days.

The school was left, and in two or three days, I turned man; that is, I put on the boots and neck-cloth as aforesaid; astonished the grammar and the dictionary, as well as the neighbours, with the elegance of my phraseology; and should have been happy to comply with the last requisite of transformation, and trounce all my schoolmates for calling me Sy Tough, instead of Mr. Robin Day, had I not been afraid—not of angering my patron, for, really, I forgot him in the premises—but of grieving the gentle heart of Nanna; who, by some means or other, became, about this time, inextricably involved in every net of ratiocination my brain attempted to weave.

There was but one regret I felt at leaving the school; which was, that I was in debt to Mr. M'Goggin for a trouncing, without the means of making payment; and, indeed, I hated the villain so heartily for having been the first to make me feel ashamed of myself, that it was only owing to the

secret influence and oft recurring thought of Nanna that I did not obey the impulse I felt to pelt him with stones, whenever I chanced to meet him in the street—especially as the odious wretch never passed me, without the insulting salutation—"Good morrow till ye, ye vagabone: ye'll come to the gallows, ye divill!"

I wish I had not felt so vindictive, as it would have saved me a deal of trouble; and, in particular, the trouble of writing my adventures: but it was fated I should have satisfaction of President M'Goggin for all his injuries.

## CHAPTER X.

The unconquerable Dare organizes a new conspiracy, and the tyrant is at last stormed in his citadel and overthrown.

HAVING got the mastery of the school, M'Goggin, the most inveterate of despots, with the consent and approbation of the trustees and townsfolk, continued to exercise his authority in a way that was designed to annihilate every vestige of liberty, and make the late republicans slaves indeed. From their own accounts, he flogged every soul at least once a day, some of them twice or thrice; and as for General Dicky Dare, whose dulness at learning still kept him at school, and whom the tyrant chose to consider the "sowl of every mischief," he, from his own representation, got a flogging once an hour.

But Dicky's soul was all of iron; and, like that noble metal, the more it was hammered the harder it grew. Besides, the country was now at war with Great Britain; and the accounts continually coming to his ears of battles lost and won, of deeds of valour by sea and land, on the yawning billow and in the imminent deadly breach, had kindled his martial spark anew; and, notwithstanding his daily drubbings, he was more of a soldier than ever, full of plots, and stratagems, and treasons. He bore his own pangs with heroic patience, being engaged, all the while, meditating a capable and wide revenge; and the

pangs of his schoolmates he beheld even with satisfaction; for, as he said to me, his friend and confidant, like a statesman and patriot,—“Though they are a pack of cowards, you can even thump cowards into bravery, by Julius Cæsar; and by and by, Bully M’Goggin,” (which was his honourable title in private,) “will trounce them up to the sticking point.”

In this, General Dare prophesied aright; for in six months’ time, M’Goggin’s cruelty had driven the boys into such a frenzy of desperation and hatred, that there was not one of them who would not have murdered him in cold blood—provided any one should have shown them *how*, and made them, as they called it, free of the hangman. This pitch of fury was what General Dicky meant by his elegant expression, “the sticking point;” and the moment they reached it, he invited them, now ready for any extremity, to join him in the execution of a plan of revenge he had long digested, and which may be considered a monument at once of his genius and his wrath. And in this great design, for my sins, Dicky invited me to join him, drawing, in such agreeable colours—alas, I had drawn it a thousand times before—such a ravishing picture of the bliss I must enjoy in paying M’Goggin all his dues, that even Nanna’s image, though it fluttered through my head as often and as sweetly as ever, could not entirely banish it from my thoughts. Nevertheless, I had the grace to refuse assisting in the scheme, and to repeat the refusal over and over again, until the moment for executing it had come; and then — But after all, I went only to enjoy the scene as a spectator: which is, however, the way in which many other persons go into a squabble.

The day which was to witness this grand proof of a school’s revenge, and of Dicky Dare’s genius and

resolution, was at the close of April; and the year, 1813; a period rendered the more auspicious to the design by the ferment into which the people of the Middle States were thrown by the visitations of sundry British fleets to their waters; Admiral Cockburn being at that moment employed with all his forces in the Chesapeake, robbing farmers' hen-roosts, and Admiral Beresford attempting the same thing, though with no great luck, at the mouth of the Delaware. The news of these gallant forays had just reached our town, which was kept in a furious commotion by the passage through it of sailors and soldiers on their way to the scene of action; and still more by the patriotic efforts of its citizens, who, having no better way to show their zeal, mustered three or four companies of volunteers, who killed the British without stirring from home, and kept the town in a terrible tumult, day and night—but particularly at night—by firing off cannons, and sometimes their heads and arms; while the juniors and rabblement at large imitated them, as far as they could, by burning tar-barrels, firing fifty-sixes—that is, not fifty six-pound cannons, but fifty-six pound weights—well rammed with gunpowder, and blowing their eyes out with squibs and popguns. Nothing could be more favourable to the scheme of revenge than the nightly recurrence of these disorders; and this the great contriver and conspirator, Dicky, knew full well. And, fortunately, the hubbub on the night in question was even greater than usual.

M'Goggin's house, which, I mentioned, was near the Academy, was in a sequestered part of the town, there being but few other dwellings, and those of the meanest order, near. It was built on a large lot, in which M'Goggin had established a kitchen garden, well stored with potatoes; and there was an

attempt at flowers and fruit-trees near the house, which stood a little back from the street, and was a small, and very old and ugly cottage-looking building. Immediately before the door was a clump of four Lombardy poplars, ancient and decaying, that stood, in a square, two on each side of the path, and had been taken advantage of by some romantic dweller of former days to construct a kind of rude alcove, by nailing strips of board on the sides, and throwing a few beams across, by way of roof; which, in summer, was usually shaded by vines of gourds and squashes. At the gate, immediately in advance of the poplars, was a locust tree. On the right hand was a cowhouse, and, on the left, a pigpen; and, on the whole, the cottage was quite romantic enough looking for Mr M'Goggin.

The happy individuals who, with Mr. M'Goggin, shared this peaceful abode, were an old negro man, whom he worked half to death among his potatoes, and an ill-favoured woman that he called his wife, but whom every one else considered his slave, as he was said to be very savage to her, and to make as great a drudge of her as the negro. Indeed, the boys had a story that he sometimes beat her; but, though many believed it, no one knew this for certain. He had, besides, a great bulldog, which he starved, to make him ferocious, and therefore the better guard over his potatoes.

The removal of this dangerous ally of the tyrant was considered a necessary preliminary to the attack on the master; and this Dicky effected, the night preceding the explosion, by training him off with a piece of meat tied to a string, until he had thrust his neck into a noose; by means of which he was dragged to a horse-pond, and there drowned, amid the rejoicings of the whole band of conspirators.

This being done, the youthful general, upon whose shoulders fell the execution of every task that had the inconvenience of being attended with danger, climbed up the locust tree at the gate, and with a saw, cut out two small notches, which he then plastered over with clay, to prevent their being seen next day. The object of this manœuvre, which concluded all the preparations required, will be presently seen.

It was not till after ten o'clock on the following night, that the conspirators assembled on the scene of action, prepared to carry their vengeful plot into full execution. They came marvellously well provided with ammunition—that is, with pebbles and brickbats, and some, I fear, with more dangerous weapons. The pebbles and brickbats were chiefly in the hands of the younger boys, whom General Dicky, having long and laboriously drilled them for the enterprise, now proceeded to station so as to surround the house, and particularly to command the front and back doors. There was a troop of older boys armed with fireballs (the general called them grenades,) made of oakum dipped in turpentine, which they were ready, by means of lighted segars and a little gunpowder, to kindle at any moment. These the General called the Invincible Grenadiers, and stationed, like the others, both in front and on the rear of the building, but much nearer than the brickbat guards; and, besides his grenade, each of these desperadoes had a good stout crabtree, by way of side-arms.

These arrangements having been effected, and all in deep silence, the General, who had previously spied a little into the state of the premises, made a second reconnoissance, prior to entering upon the last and grandest of his dispositions. And here I may observe, that all these things were done with

but little fear of alarming the enemy; for, besides the hubbub kept up in the town by the volunteers and patriotic citizens, there was a gale of wind blowing, and making a great rustling and howling among the trees and chimneys. Accordingly, General Dare had no difficulty in making his way to a window, and through a cranny spying into the proceedings within; which proceedings some of us, who had from curiosity crept nearer to the house, judged to be uncommonly interesting, as we could hear an occasional murmur of voices, a mingling, as it seemed, of growling and lamenting, which we knew not how to account for. The mystery was soon unravelled by General Dicky Dare, who crept back, and declared, to our astonishment and indignation, that President M'Goggin was beating his wife—that he had seen him strike her with his hand—that he was drunk or mad, he knew not which—and that the poor woman, who was in a great fright, was crying and begging him not to abuse her.

This intelligence, as may be supposed, produced a strong effect upon the feelings of the conspirators, who were not without generous and chivalrous sentiments; and they swore, one and all, they would have satisfaction of the ruffian for his brutality to the woman, as well as for the injuries he had done themselves. And this discovery, I may also say, wrought an immediate change in my own resolutions; for whereas I had, up to this moment, religiously persisted in the determination I had made not to take part in the affray, I was now so operated upon by indignation at M'Goggin's brutishness, that I fell to work with zeal, anxious to avenge the poor woman's wrongs; and was, from that moment



to the end, a very prominent ringleader in the whole row.

The gallant Dare, now doubly excited to diligence, produced a long rope, having a running noose at the end. This he threw over the roof of the arbour, and then laid the noose across the path, supporting it on little sticks in such a way that it was impossible any one should pass along the walk, without striking it with his foot; and the noose was made so large, that it not only stretched over the whole path, but would admit a man to pass through it, standing erect. Near the other extremity of the rope, was tied by one end a stout bar of wood, in which was a notch, meant to receive one end of a second bar that was loose; while its other end, as well as the end of the bar that was tied, was designed to be placed each in one of the notches sawn in the locust tree the preceding evening, at a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground; the whole forming a kind of trap which would support a great weight at the end of the rope, until something should jerk at the noose; in which case the loose bar that served as a prop, must be dislodged, the trap sprung, and the weight instantly fall to the ground, dragging the noose up to the top of the arbour, and with it Mr. M'Goggin, for whose sole benefit this beautiful contrivance was invented by General Dicky.

And supposing we once had the tyrant in the toils, there was then little fear but that we should be able to work our will with him at our leisure. The trap being set, the rope was weighted by some half a dozen fifty-sixes, which were passed up the tree, and suspended by Dicky's own hands. We had previously thrown on the ground, under the noose, a quantity of straw, sprinkled with turpentine and

sawdust, which we designed to fire, the moment our tiger was caught, and so give him the benefit of a moderate roasting and smoking, as an introduction to what was to follow.

It will be perceived that, in laying this ingenious trap, for M'Goggin, the great contriver did not anticipate the possibility of any one else falling into it. There was good reason, indeed, why no one else should; for the negro being a very cowardly old fellow, (who would, moreover, in all probability be sound asleep in his garret,) and Mrs. M'Goggin a weak, timid woman, it was inferred our assault would only confine *them* more closely to the house; while M'Goggin, being quite fearless, would undoubtedly make a rush upon us. The result proved that the calculations even of Dicky Dare might be defeated, like those of any other great military genius.

Our arrangements being at length all completed, the signal for assault was given, and at a period, as it proved, extremely critical for Mrs. M'Goggin; for, just as the word was passing round, "All ready!" we heard her utter a dismal shriek, as if the ruffian, her lord and master, was again asserting his supremacy. We uttered three tremendous cheers; and then, following them up with yells of "Down with the tyrant! and schoolboys' rights forever!" let fly a terrible volley of brickbats and grenades, by which the shutters of the lower windows and the glasses in the upper ones were dashed to atoms; and some half dozen of the latter missiles, the fire-balls, entering the upper rooms, the house was straightway illuminated, as if on fire, and filled with smoke.

The effect of this furious cannonade was immediately made manifest by a medley of cries, ejacula-

tions, and roaring curses from within, the woman squeaking, the negro yelling, and M'Goggin vociferating I know not what, but, I believe, maledictions on the heads of himself, us,—“the devil-born school-whelps,”—and every body else; and the woman, in an ecstasy of terror, was immediately seen darting through one of the back windows, which had been dashed open; whence she fled shrieking away, no one offering her molestation, but on the contrary, making passage for her, glad to have her out of the way. At the same moment, the front door was opened with a crash, and out came rushing, in his night-gear, mad with fright—not the autocrat M'Goggin, as we fondly hoped, but the negro-man; who running blindly forwards, stumbled against the noose, and was, in a twinkling, jerked up to the top of the arbour, where he was seen hanging by one leg, such an extraordinary picture of amazement and terror as was never before witnessed, and such a target for our fire-balls, (for a volley was thrown before we had time to remark what kind of game we had caught,) as schoolboys never before enjoyed.

The melo-dramatic character of the spectacle, was, in the same instant, wonderfully heightened, and its interest to us increased to the highest pitch, by an incident that immediately befell; for M'Goggin, who was close at the negro's heels, armed too, as we discovered to our horror, with a gun, with which he rushed forward in the act of firing, having come within reach of the suspended negro, was seized upon by this distracted personage, who had been clawing the air in vain, and now succeeded in fastening one hand amid the master's locks, while the other, or the fingers thereof, got by mischance into his mouth. This accident so discomposed the nerves of the despot, who, I fancy, must have

thought himself pounced upon by some incarnate devil, darting upon him from the air, that he uttered a wild howl, dropped his gun, which went off in falling; and then, forgetting us, fell foul of the negro, whom he cuffed with maniacal energy, being himself haled, scratched and hugged by this flying demon in a style just as eager and extraordinary.

"Bang away!" roared Dicky Dare, firing the bundle of straw, which instantly burst into flames and smoke around the two victims, both of whom were now suspended; for some of the besiegers had seized upon the rope, and hauled away so furiously, that, in a trice, M'Goggin lost his footing on the ground, and was dragged by the inveterate negro into the air; where they continued to wage a battle which could only be compared to the aerial fray of the Genie and the Lady of Beauty, in the Arabian story; while, all the time, there was such a shower of fireballs raining against their bodies, and such volumes of flame and smoke ascending from the burning straw, as to render the spectacle grand, ludicrous and horrible altogether; in short, it was quite indescribable.

And now, while these strange combatants were pursuing their strange fight, the negro pulling at his adversary's hair, and yelling with the pain of his fingers, which M'Goggin was grinding betwixt his teeth, M'Goggin, on his part, biting and cuffing and growling, and kicking the air; there arose a cry that one of the boys was shot, struck by a bullet from M'Goggin's gun, and that he was dying; intelligence that afterwards proved to be false, but which, exasperating feelings that were already rancorous enough, was followed by furious calls to "Kill the murdering villain!" and by a rush that many made upon him with their clubs, with which they

furiously beat him; until the rope, frayed and worn by the rough bark of the locust, suddenly gave way, bringing him and the negro, with a most terrible plump, to the ground.

The negro, who fell uppermost, and had, besides, the good fortune to fall upon his head, which was not composed of trifling materials, rolled from his master, and from the embers of the straw, into which they had fallen together, kicked his leg free from the noose, and then ran limping off, yelling like a madman. As for M'Goggin, upon whom we rushed, now certain of our prey, he lay without motion; and a bright blaze from the house now falling on his visage, there was straightway a cry that we had killed him. "He's done for!" said General Dare, with much composure, being the only one that was not horrified at this result of our enterprise—"He's done for, by Julius Cæsar!—And so is the house too, or there's no snakes in Virginnie!"

It was even so: the cottage, which we had been, for the last few moments, too busy to look at, or think of, we now discovered was on fire, flames already gushing out of the upper windows, and the alarm fast passing through the town, and bringing crowds of people to the scene of our triumph.

"Right about face—cut dirt!" cried General Dare; and, in a moment, we were scampering from the field of battle in all directions, terrified at the thought of what we had done, and still more at the fear of what might be the consequences.

## CHAPTER XI.

In which Robin Day, flying the terrors of the law, is sent out into the world to seek his fortune.

For my own part, I was in such a horror of fright at the idea of having committed what I now felt was nothing short of a murder, that I betook myself to the fields, running as if the hue and cry, the *posse comitatus*, constable, hangman and all, were after me; and it was not until I had plumped over head and ears into a ditch, whereby the ferment of my mind was somewhat allayed, that I recovered enough of my wits to consider what I was about. I then reflected, that it was by no means certain M'Goggin was actually dead, although, to be sure, he had looked marvellously like a subject for the undertaker, his face being bloody, and of a cadaverous hue. I remembered, too, that he had fallen from the rope with sufficient force to stun him for awhile; and moreover, that the negro-man had tumbled upon him, and so must have beaten the breath out of his body; and, hence, it was not improbable, he had been only in a swoon, from which he might have revived already. In short, I satisfied myself that I was a great simpleton for being so much frightened, and that the best thing I could do, would be to creep away to my comfortable home, without any further thought leaving it, until assured I had really got myself into trouble.

Home, accordingly, I went, shivering with wet and anxiety; and finding the door open, though no one was stirring, I sneaked away to my chamber, where I stripped off my wet clothes, and was about slinking quietly into bed, when the motion was arrested by the sudden and unexpected entrance of my patron. His countenance, which was pale and disordered, filled me with alarm, and this he proceeded to heighten into the wildest consternation by exclaiming—"Wretched boy, you have killed a man! Up and away: you must fly, or be seized, tried, and perhaps hanged, as a murderer!"

I leaped up, it may be supposed, quickly enough, and attempted to give utterance to excuses and explanations, that were none of the calmest or most coherent; but Dr. Howard checked me; assuring me, in an agitated and hurried voice, that I had no time to lose, that he had seen M'Goggin, who was dying of his injuries—of concussion, or compression, of the brain, I knew not which—that he had learned I was one of the ringleaders in the affray, that some of the citizens had gone for warrants to apprehend me, as well as others, my companions, that he had left the dying man, under pretence of getting his trephining instruments, but in reality to find me, and send me off, before it was too late; and he ended by mingling upbraidings of my folly and wickedness, with injunctions to put on my clothes, and pack up a change of linen in the saddle-bags, which he had brought with him into the room, as I must mount horse and be gone immediately.

I stood aghast; for the sentence of banishment from his house was more dreadful to my feelings than my fears had been; and in my confusion, flustered, I knew not why, the name of Nanna. He looked discomposed, the tears came into his eyes,

and he exclaimed with mingled grief and bitterness—"Ah, wretch, you have lost her too: you knew not what I designed for you!" Then, suddenly changing to anger, he bade me not name her again; and calling me madman, murderer, houseburner, and I knew not what besides, he ended by ordering me again to dress and be ready; and then left me.

I did as he bade me, slipped on my best coat, stuffed the saddlebags with clothes, with which his generosity had always supplied me to even extravagance and excess; and, though I did all in extreme agitation of spirits, I had finished before he returned; which he presently did, bearing a letter and pocket-book, both of which he put into my hands, saying that I must proceed to Philadelphia, and deliver the letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed, who would assist to put me out of the way of danger, at least for a time.

"He is my distant kinsman—a merchant—and has a privateer which he is about sending to sea: he will give you a berth in her, and you will then be free to follow your bent, and cut throats to your liking."

This he said with such bitterness of sarcasm, that it overcame my spirits, and I could not avoid shedding tears; which seemed to soften him, and he then spoke more gently.

"It is the last life I should have ever desired for you," he said, "for it is little better than freebooting—piracy legalized. But it cannot be helped: the emergency is too sudden for choice; there is no alternative. The letter contains money: it will help to fit you out: Mr. Bloodmoney," (the merchant to whom the letter was directed,) "will supply you what more is needed. The pocket-book will keep you on the road. You must ride all night: I have



ordered you Bay Tom—he will carry you to the city: but should he fail, leave him on the road, and hire another. You must be in Philadelphia to-morrow.”

By this time, we could hear a trampling at the stable, which was not far off; and my patron, saying all was ready, ordered me to follow him; but immediately bade me hold, while he ran to his study, from which he returned with a memorial of the wreck—the only one he could ever obtain—which he had lighted on, at his last visit to the coast, and bought for a trifle of old Mother Moll, the first of my persecutors. This was a memento of whose existence I had long been aware, though I never attached any importance to it, as my patron was sometimes inclined to do; for, in truth, I cared nothing for my origin, and was too well content with the protection, and, as I might have called it, the parentage of the good doctor, to wish to exchange it for another’s, even a father’s. There was, in fact, in the relic nothing very striking or interesting. It was a string of beads of different sizes, of some black wood, I know not what, but they were polished, and had a fragrant odour; and there was a central one, in shape somewhat of a cross, of considerable size, with grotesque carvings, that served as a sort of locket to connect the two ends of the string. It was, I always thought, just such a poor trifling gewgaw as any common woman, a sailor’s wife, might wear; and I was the more impressed that it had belonged to some such personage, as there was roughly scratched, as with a jack-knife, on the back of the locket, the name, as far as we could make it out, of *Sally Ann*, which had decidedly the smack of a tar’s delight about it. This, to be sure, Dr. Howard agreed was likely enough; but

the poor sailor's wife might have been my mother notwithstanding. But what chiefly rendered the trinket of importance in his regard, was that Don Pedro, the Spanish negro, our cook, of whom I have spoken, and who was a mighty good Catholic, and had an uncommon share of intelligence for his degree, declared it was nothing less than a Catholic rosary, as he knew by the number and arrangement of the beads; and in fact, having put it into his hands, he began to tell the beads, and, as he did so, to jabber out a string of Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters with great readiness and fluency; only that he made such a hotch-potch of the matter as neither himself nor any one else could make sense of. This, my patron averred, was a curious circumstance; as a Catholic child in a Yankee schooner (it seems, Mother Moll had admitted she had taken the beads from my neck, and Dr. Howard was convinced the wreck had been a trading vessel from New England,) was certainly, something out of the usual course of things; and he therefore resolved to treasure the beads up, hoping that they might be the means some day of leading to the most interesting discoveries.

This string of beads, or rosary, or whatever it might be, he now put into my hands, bidding me preserve it with religious care, nay, even to wear it round my neck, for fear of accidents, as it might conduct me perhaps to the arms of my parents; "of whom," he added, with some emotion, "you have now greater need than ever, having thrown away ——." But here he interrupted himself, and bade me follow him; which I did, until we had come to the stable; where we found his horse Bay Tom, an animal that he greatly valued, standing at the door ready saddled, and with him old Don

Pedro himself, who had long professed a great friendship for me, and from whom, indeed, in the course of the last five years, I had gradually picked up some little knowledge of the Spanish tongue, which afterwards stood me in good stead.

"Mount, and ride for you life," said my benefactor, with a stern voice, yet wringing my hands with painful earnestness; "mount," he cried; "and heaven forgive you this fatal deed, and go with you."

Don Pedro, also, having helped me into the saddle, gave me a farewell shake, and blubbered, in his own tongue—"Adios, *mi nino*;—adieu, my child; at last, you are going to the devil:" an assurance which was by no means so pleasant as it seemed true.

This done and said, Pedro opened a gate, leading into the highway, (the doctor's house being seated on the borders of the town,) that I might ride through. But I faltered a moment, to look back to the house, in which, notwithstanding the folly and violence of my career, I had lived so many happy hours of my youth. There was a light burning in Nanna's chamber, who was as yet unacquainted with the miserable adventures of the night. As I looked up, the light was suddenly put out; and the darkness that ensued smote upon my heart as a mournful omen.

"Why do you pause?" muttered my patron with impatience. "Begone; your life depends upon your speed."

Thus commanded, I turned my horse through the gate, gave him the rein and spur, and in a moment was out of the town, flying all the more fleetly for the din, the cries and shouts that still prevailed; and which, as the blast brought them to my ears, my fancy converted into the halloos of vengeful pursuers.

## CHAPTER XII.

Robin Day meets an alarming adventure, and stumbles upon a companion in misfortune.

AND now behold me upon the world alone, a hero of eighteen, with just such qualifications for making my way through the stormy paths of life as one might expect in a cockboat for performing a voyage round Cape Horn.

It is true, I entertained—or had done so, until the affairs of the night had frightened it out of me—the best possible opinion of my own merits and abilities; and such complacent self-regard, it is conceded on all sides, is the best foundation and prognostic of worldly success. I had trounced all my schoolmates, (General Dicky Dare, my friend and confederate, though my rival, only excepted;) and it was but a natural consequence that I should suppose myself able in like manner to conquer all mankind; and the share I had had in demolishing the power and pretensions of the tyrants of the academy, had convinced me I possessed the same ability to resist the oppressions of the great men of the world, the kings and presidents; of whom I entertained a very mean opinion, believing they were only Burleys and M'Goggins on a larger scale.

Besides this generous sense of my own merits, I possessed another qualification thought to be of

almost equal efficacy in helping one through the world; namely, a good personal appearance; for, from having been the ugliest little imp in the world, I was now grown, as my looking-glass told me, quite a handsome young fellow, with black eyes and hair—the latter very curling and glossy, and, indeed, the admiration of all the young ladies in the town, as well as myself, and a figure that, in the main, satisfied my own predilections; there being no fault I could find, except that I was a thought shorter than was necessary, and my complexion somewhat more tawny than suited my ideas of perfect beauty.

This vanity and self conceit, as the reader may properly esteem it, I know not whether I owed in greater part to a natural spirit of coxcombry, or to the uncommon indulgences I had so suddenly fallen heir to in my patron's family; which were enough to turn the brain of one to whom indulgences had been before wholly unknown. But, at all events, the foible was never strong enough to throw me open to remark; and, as I have mentioned, the catastrophe of the night had banished it from my breast, at least, for a time; so that I certainly derived no advantage from it in what may be properly considered my outset in life.

My other qualifications for the great strife of the world, were neither many nor striking. I had acquired, during my five years at the academy, the ordinary rudiments of education, besides "a little Latin," as the crabbed Ben Jonson disparagingly said of his great superior, "and less Greek;" to which I managed to add, during the few months I was ensconced in my patron's office, a little French, a knowledge of pestles and mortars, and the knack of pulling out easy grinders. I had picked up some

bad Spanish from the cook, and from the coachman, the art of riding and spoiling a horse. A French barber had taught me to dance; and I learned to squeak upon a cracked flute from the impulse of my own genius; which even impelled me to the frenzy of attempting the fiddle; whose mellifluous tones I dispensed among pill-boxes and swinging bones, until my preceptor, disgusted at my music and inattention to what he esteemed my proper duties, advised me, if I wished to play the fiddle, to draw the bow over my own head—a sarcasm that ended my violining on the instant.

What other qualifications I may have possessed I am ignorant of—except, indeed, an uncommonly good and strong constitution, capable of enduring all exposures and hardships; and this was, I believe, after all, the only one on which I ought to have placed any reliance. I was, in short, an ignorant youth, a great schoolboy entirely incompetent to the task of self-management or self-preservation; and my benefactor had acted with wisdom in assigning me to a situation, wherein, besides enjoying security from the vengeance of the law, which was the first object to be aimed at, I should not be left to the dangerous duty of taking care of myself.

I rode with great speed, for the first two or three miles, being all the while in terrible fear of pursuit; but, by and by, I slackened a little in my gait, the night being still very dark and gusty, and the road, like all other roads in New Jersey, intolerably rough and dangerous. As my fears subsided, my griefs began to usurp their place; and the thought of my forlornness and banishment—of my benefactor, whom I loved well, and of Nanna whom, I discovered, I loved still better, both now lost to me, and perhaps for ever—weighed so heavily upon my heart, that I

gave myself up to despair, and lamented my fate with floods of tears. In this melancholy employment I continued a mile further; and would perhaps have continued all night, had it not been for an incident that presently befell, and aroused a multitude of other feelings.

I had arrived at a place, where, at the bottom of a slaty hill, a by-road, that came in a roundabout way from the town, joined, and terminated in, the highway upon which I was travelling; and the hill being pretty bare, for it was a barren, dreary place, so as to offer no obstacle to the transmission of sounds, and the winds lulling at the time, I was made sensible, first, by the animation and snorting of my steed, Bay Tom, and then by the surer evidence of my own ears, that a horseman was upon the by-road, descending the hill, and at as round a trot as myself. This discovery filled me with confusion, for I did not doubt it was one of the many pursuers, who were, in all probability, by this time, scouring the country in search of me.

Afraid to turn back, as that would be only to rush into the hands of, perhaps, a whole band of constables and deputy sheriffs from the town, and relying upon the speed of Bay Tom, who was of good blood, and had a genealogy ten times longer than my own, I increased my pace, in the hopes of getting beyond the by-road, before the enemy had left it: after which, I intended to show him as clean a pair of heels as possible.

To my dismay, the stranger increased his pace in like manner; and the thunder of his hoofs, which grew louder and louder every moment, as the roads converged nigher together, shook the hill. It was plain he was riding as furiously as myself, determined to get before me to the bottom of the hill, and so in-

tercept me. I spurred the harder: the enemy did the same; and both came thundering together at the meeting of the roads; where my terror, which was now mounted to a pitch of perfect ecstasy, was completed by the bloody-minded villain flashing a pistol in my face, and exclaiming with a voice of fury and desperation—"Death before dishonour! I won't be taken alive!"

The flash of the pistol brought my horse upon his hams, frightened out of his wits, as I was out of mine; but judge my astonishment when I recognised in these terrible tones, the voice of my friend Dicky Dare! who, a fugitive like myself, and, like myself, prepared to see in every body an emissary of justice, had made precisely the same mistake I had done, had taken me for a deputy sheriff, as I had taken him, had aimed, and sorely striven, to be first in at the meeting of the roads, with the same intention of escape; and finding himself, as I had done, intercepted and caught, had, very *unlike* me, resolved to sell his life dear, and so came within an ace of blowing my brains out.

"Dicky Dare!" cried I.

"Sy Tough!" quoth he.

These were our exclamations; and, the next moment, we burst into a roar of laughter, in which, fright, sorrow, and every thing else, save the ridiculousness of the rencounter, was for a while entirely forgotten.

Having exercised our lungs in this way until the humour of merriment was satisfied, we came to a mutual explanation; and I found that General Dicky was, like myself, an outcast and exile, cast upon the world to seek his fortune—that we were brothers in distress, as we had been in mischief.

He, it seemed, after retiring from the battle-



ground, had made his way home; though without any preliminary visit to the fields, or dip in a ditch; and not without some doubts, as he confessed, as to "what the lawyers would think of the matter;" which grew the more strongly upon him, when, presently, a friend of his father, Captain Dare, suddenly broke in with the fatal intelligence of M'Goggin's being at the point of death, the application for the warrants, &c.; whereupon the father, eyeing his promising heir for a moment with ire and indignation, at last roared out—"D—— your blood, if you're so good at killing, go kill the enemies of your country!" An injunction worthy of a Roman or Spartan, which was followed by Captain Dare giving him a horse, a sorrel nag of no great value, greatly inferior, indeed, to my own blooded charger, a hanger, and pair of pistols; to which he added a small supply of money—an article that the gratitude of the Republic took good care he should never be greatly overburthened with—and then ordered him to be gone to the nearest army, to "fight like a bulldog, and, if need should be, to die like one."

This was exactly the thing for General Dicky, whose soul was as eager for conflict as a young charger's, and "smelt the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting;" and who, in fact, from all I could discover, seemed to look upon the killing of M'Goggin as the happiest act of his life, inasmuch as it was to that alone he owed the gratification of his dearest hope and most enthusiastic desire; that is, to which he *would* owe it, provided he should be so happy as to escape the harpies of the law, of whom he was in some dread, as his late transports had made manifest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Another terrible adventure befalls, and Robin Day saves his money and loses his friend.

MEANWHILE, we had not paused to enter into these explanations, but rode onward at such speed as the nature of the road permitted; and the martial equanimity wherewith the brave Dicky seemed to bear the misfortune of the murder, which, in fact, he professed to consider a mere accident of war, had the effect of somewhat enlivening my own spirits. We found, to our mutual delight, that both were bound, in the first instance, to Philadelphia; and Dicky demanded what were my designs, after I should get there. I told him I was to go to sea in a privateer, as my patron had arranged for me; a declaration that gave him extreme disgust.

"Upon my honour, and soul, and conscience, by Julius Cæsar," said he, "I would as lief go to battle in a meal-bag, tied up to the chin. It's all small game, this sea business—a fight between two dirty little ships—a dog and a pig squabbling in a gutter;—twelve killed and twenty wounded, and a hellaballoo in the newspapers. Give me," he cried, with enthusiasm, "a fight where there's a thousand killed of a side, or it may be, twenty thousand, with scratches in proportion; five or six hundred field pieces blazing away, slambang, all together—fifty thousand

muskets peppering all at once, bayonets shining, horses charging, trumpets clanging, drums rattling—rub-a-dub-a-dub—with generals, and field-marshal, and cocked hats and feathers, and all that, my fellow! by Julius Cæsar, that's the thing for me! But your nasty ships—all tar and bilgewater, brine, slush, stale junk, and mouldy biscuit—rolling about—sick as a dog, no soul in you—nothing but firing off cannon and making wood fly—nobody killed worth talking about—a small business—'pon my honour, and soul, and conscience—by Julius Cæsar, a small business!"

"But remember, Dicky," said I, somewhat moved at this contemptuous picture of my destined profession—"remember the prize-money."

"Curse the prize-money," said Dicky Dare, with the lofty spirit of a soldier; "I go for the glory!—However," he added, relapsing into sentiments not so high-flown, "there's the booty that a soldier has, to put against your prize-money; and there's sometimes grand picking after a battle, especially in an enemy's country. Think of a city taken by storm, by Julius Cæsar!—the shops, and banks with vaults full of money!—the rich houses, and stables full of elegant horses!—the churches with golden candlesticks and all sort of things! the heaps of plate, the rings, and the jewels! Ah, by Julius Cæsar, it's no such small matter, that booty, after all. However, I don't stick for that: the honour's the thing, the fame and the greatness, my fellow; and *that's* enough for a soldier."

With this, the gallant general, after indulging in another tirade against the meanness and insignificance of existence at sea, particularly in a privateer, which he held to be no better than life in an oyster-boat, proposed I should give up the design, and

unite my fortunes with his; that is, turn soldier; for which, having a good horse, and some of the sinews of war in my pocket, he held me admirably well qualified. It was his intention to proceed without delay to the theatre of war on the Chesapeake, which was the nearest field of distinction; and there, he doubted not, we should play the very mischief with the enemy, and cover ourselves with immortal renown.

The idea was not disagreeable to my inclinations. The voyage in the privateer I had not yet had time to reflect upon, nor to ask myself what appetite I, whom my early adventures had imbued with an inveterate horror of salt water, might have for it. The conversation of Dicky recalled me to a memory of my disgust, and I felt a stirring desire to unite with him in his noble enterprise; whereby I should both avoid the terrors of the sea, and secure to myself the company and countenance of Dicky, whom I recognised as a superior genius, and ardently longed to have as a companion.

But as I could not prevail upon myself to attempt an adventure so important, without the consent of my patron, who had assigned me to another career, and to whose will I was now desirous to yield implicit submission, as some amends for my past misconduct, I proposed deferring my answer until we got to Philadelphia; whence I promised to write to Dr. Howard, and request his permission to seek my fortune on dry land.

To this proposition the general very readily agreed, declaring that a day or two could make no difference, that he had heard there was great fun in the big cities, and that the theatres were the finest places in the world; and besides, he added, having discovered I had made the highly unmilitary blun-

der of setting out without any arms, while he, on the contrary, was armed to the teeth, we should want a day or two to fit me out with the proper weapons and other munitions of war; among which, in the warmth of his fancy, he seemed disposed to consider as highly proper, though he would not pretend to say they were indispensably necessary, a brace of generals' uniforms, with chapeau and feather, and epaulettes, complete. But as these articles, he admitted, were expensive, it was proper to consider how we stood provided with the needful. Accordingly, he demanded how much money the "old codger," as he irreverently termed my benefactor, had given me. I replied, "I did not know: the doctor had given me a pocket-book, which I had in my pocket; but I had not had time to examine it, and I knew not what were its contents."

"As for me," said Dicky, with an important tone, "I never go into a campaign, without knowing what is in the military chest; and, by Julius Cæsar, when dad gave me his purse, I took good care to count all the money in it; and, by Julius Cæsar," (speaking as if he expected me to be astounded,) "there's fifty dollars in it!"

But this was a fortune to Dicky; who, from the poverty of his father, had always been kept bare of money, and never expected, perhaps, to handle such a sum in his life. But mean as the sum appeared to me, who, besides having been always lavishly supplied, had been accustomed to hear my patron speak of his thousands and tens of thousands (for he was a very rich man,) I was astonished, as Dicky anticipated; though, as it happened, not so much at the vastness of his treasure, as at a danger which suddenly invaded it.

We had, by this time, left our homes some fifteen

or twenty miles behind us, and had just descended one of the many vile hills by which our speed was retarded, coming to a wild place very 'dark with woods, and very dismal, where the road seemed to fork; and we were about to halt, to debate upon our route; when, all of a sudden, a man leaped from among the bushes, and seizing both our horses by the bridles, exclaimed—"D—n my eyes! if you r'e so flush in the locker, I *a'n't*.—Your money, or your blood!"—A demand, whose abruptness threw me into such mortal terror, that I thrust my hand into my pocket, intending to give him all I had, and beg for mercy besides. General Dare received the application in quite another way. "My blood, then, by Julius Cæsar!" cried the valiant youth, who pulled out a pistol, and fired it without ceremony in the highwayman's face, bawling, at the same time, "Surrender you dog, or die!"

The shot did instant execution, first, upon the robber, who fell to the earth, with a curse and a groan, and then upon our horses, neither of which displayed the courage to be expected of chargers bound to the battle-field, but, on the contrary, fell to plunging and prancing like incarnate fiends; and then, each choosing a different fork of the road, betook them to all their speed, whether we would or not, leaving the wounded highwayman to his fate.

To this inglorious flight, I, obeying my own instincts, which were pretty much like those of the animal's, should not, I believe, have opposed any particular objections, had it not been for the separation from General Dare; but of this I was for a time unconscious, the frenzy of Bay Tom, who, besides running as hard as he could, made sundry desperate attempts to get rid of his rider, giving me no leisure

to think of any thing but the preservation of my own neck. Nor did I recover my composure until the animal, having continued his flight for about half a mile, suddenly came to a stop among a crew of wagoners; who, with their wagons, were encamped for the night in front of a little tavern on the wayside, greatly patronised by worthies of that class; and finished the adventure by flinging up his heels, in a fury, I suppose, of delight at his happy escape; whereby I was very suddenly transferred from his back to that of a wagoner, who had got up to stir the fire, and was now prostrated by the vigour of the salutation.

The man, at first frightened, and then enraged, awoke his companions by his exclamations; and they came tumbling out of their carriages, threatening dire things against the invader of their rest; but when I had informed them of the cause of the accident, and the attack of the highwayman, they abated their rage, or rather directed it to the robber, whom they immediately swore they would take, dead or alive. Each seized upon a horse, and the man whom I had prostrated, jumped, without any ceremony, upon Bay Tom; thus putting it out of my power to accompany them; as perhaps I should have willingly done, to seek for my friend Dicky; and away they galloped to the field of battle.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A still more extraordinary adventure, in which Robin Day falls among Philistines, and is convicted of highway robbery; and how he escapes the dangers thereof.

IN the meanwhile, the tavern keeper had got up, and opened his doors, and I was glad to shelter me in his bar-room, where was a cheerful fire. He plied me with questions about the robbery, which I satisfied as well as I could, and then about myself, making little ceremony in asking who I was, whence I had come, whither I was going, why I travelled at night, &c.; questions which I could not answer without some appearance of confusion and equivocation, (for I feared lest he should discover I was a fugitive from justice,) which gave him an unfavourable opinion of me, and excited suspicions not altogether advantageous to my character.

Fortunately for me, his interrogatories were soon put an end to by the return of the wagoners, who had found the robber lying senseless on the road, dragged him with no great tenderness between them to the tavern, and now haled him into the bar-room, where he displayed a figure that inspired me with dread.

He was a stout, sinewy, middle-aged man, dressed like a sailor, with a tarpaulin knapsack on his back, a new blue cloth jacket, and old canvass trowsers



exceedingly well daubed with pitch, and no hat or cap, that covering having been lost in the scuffle. He had a most savage countenance, covered with whiskers, beard, and hair, all black and grizzled, with a swarthy skin that was now, owing to faintness and loss of blood, of a cadaverous leaden colour; and there were drops of blood on his forehead, coming from some wound on the head, and a more plentiful besprinkling on his shirt, that added to the grimness and ferocity of his appearance.

The roughness with which he had been dragged from the road, had stirred up the latent powers of life; and he was beginning to rouse from his insensibility, as the wagoners brought him into the room, vociferating a thousand triumphant encomiums upon their own courage, and as many felicitations upon the prospect they thought they had, both of being rewarded by the Governor of the State for apprehending such a desperate villain, and of seeing him hanged into the bargain. Being in such a happy mood, they agreed with great generosity to treat their prisoner to a glass of grog, with a view of enlivening his spirits and recalling his wits; and this being accordingly presented, and immediately swallowed with great eagerness, had the good effect of restoring him at once to his faculties. This he made apparent by suddenly bending an eye of indignant inquiry on his captors, who held him fast by the collar, and by exclaiming, in corresponding tones,—“Sink my timbers, shipmates! do you intend to murder, as well as rob me?”

This address, which filled them with surprise, the wagoners answered by telling him, “they were no robbers, but *he* was, as he should find to his cost;” a charge that, to my amazement, the honest man, instead of admitting in full, repelled with furious indig-

nation, swearing that, instead of being a robber, he had himself just been robbed by a brace of rascally land-rats on the road under their noses—plundered of a huge store of prize-money, the gains of a whole year of fighting, which he was carrying to his wife and children in Philadelphia, and knocked on the head into the bargain; that he would have the blood of the villains, whom he could swear to, and would pursue to the ends of the earth; and if they, the wagoners, were honest fellows, and loved a sailor that had been fighting their battles on the stormy seas, they would help him to catch the rascals, instead of jawing him like a thief and a pirate—they would, split him.

This address, delivered with matchless effrontery, and with an air of injured and insulted innocence quite indescribable, had the effect of staggering several of the captors, who evidently began to think they had made a mistake; while others laughed it to scorn; and one of them called me forward (for I had kept, from modesty and fear, in the background,) to confront the fellow; which I did, though with no good heart, having a great dread of his ferocious looks. But, however terrible the robber appeared in my eyes, I, it seems, possessed an appearance equally alarming in his; for no sooner had he caught sight of me, than he roared out, "That's one of the land-sharks, sink me!" and starting back, with the air of one endeavouring to overcome a fit of trepidation, called upon some of the company to give him a pistol or cutlass, and upon the others to "hold the villain fast, for he could swear his life against me."

I was confounded at this sally; and as the sailor had every appearance of being in earnest, and the wagoners looked as if vastly inclined to believe his story, I began to have my doubts whether I was not

a robber in reality. To complete my confusion, the innkeeper now swore "*he* had had his suspicions of me from the first," and said I ought to be searched for the sailor's money. A furious contention arose among the wagoners, some insisting that I was, others that I was not, the robber; the former arguing my innocence from the fact of my coming of my own accord into their camp; while the others, among whom was the man upon whose back I had been pitched, declared the visit was not voluntary, but that I had been thrown among them by my horse, entirely against my will, and had invented the story of my having been robbed, only to prevent their arresting me as the robber.

And during all this time, the real Simon Pure, the highwayman himself, kept up a terrible din, calling me a thief and pirate, demanding a weapon, insisting that the wagoners should hold me fast; and, in the midst of all his rage, discovering so much disinclination to come within arm's length of me, who was, on my part, ready to swoon with dismay, that some of the company were scandalized at his cowardice; which was the more remarkable in one of his age and warlike profession, and assured him "the little boy," as they contemptuously termed me, "would not eat him."

Encouraged, or pretending to be encouraged, by this assurance, (for the crafty knave was merely playing a part,) he threw aside his fear, seized me by the collar, and gave me a furious shaking, overwhelming me with denunciations and maledictions; and the others of the company, moved by the same imitative impulse, which, when one dog of a village attacks a currish visitant, leads all the other dogs of the town to set upon the stranger in like manner, fell upon me likewise; so that I thought I should have been shaken to death among them.

It was in vain I remonstrated, and protested my own innocence and the guilt of the sailor. The latter worthy grew more furious and determined every moment; and finding that I had a horse at the door, he carried his audacity to the pitch of claiming him as his own, or rather as his captain's, which, he said, he was carrying to Philadelphia for his commander; swore I had knocked him off that very beast's back, and then run off with him; and ended by jumping upon Bay Tom's back, and riding immediately off, for the purpose, as he said, of hunting up my accomplice, "the other villain," who had made off with his prize-money; in which undertaking he invited the assistance of the wagoners, promising a handsome reward to any who should help him to a sight of the pirate. This induced two or three of them to mount their horses; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the scoundrel, whose unparalleled impudence had thus carried him through, gallop away with my patron's horse, leaving me a prisoner in his place.

I was nearly distracted by this turn of affairs; and seeing no other way left to release myself from the hands of the innkeeper and his customers, and persuade them to attempt the recovery of the horse before it was too late, I made a merit of necessity, and told them who I was, and the causes of my adventurous journey.

This only made matters a hundred times worse than before; for the wagoners, now discovering I was a fugitive from justice, and trusting there might be a reward offered for my apprehension, which they had it in their power to secure, immediately locked me up in a little room in the garret; whence I could hear them through the chinks of the floor, debating with one another whether they should im-

mediately carry me back to the town I had left, or detain me a prisoner, until made certain that a reward had been actually proclaimed for my delivery. As neither of these alternatives possessed any charms for me, but on the contrary filled me with new desperation, I began to cast about for some means of escape; and I had the good fortune to discover a window, through which I found no great difficulty in creeping out upon the roof, and thence, by means of a shed, and a willow-tree that grew beside it, of dropping on the ground.

## CHAPTER XV.

How Dicky Dare meets, and routs, two armies of wagoners, while Robin Day plays the Babe in the Wood.

My escape from the tavern and the wagoners thus effected, I ran with all my speed to the nearest wood, glad to be a freeman once more, though with the loss of my horse and saddlebags, in which latter was all my clothes; and the loss of it was the more provoking, as I had snatched it from Bay Tom's back, when the wagoner mounted him, and so saved it from the robber only to leave it to the tender mercies of his captors. But the loss was, after all, not so very great; for the villains, notwithstanding their threats, having abstained from searching my pockets, I was still in possession of my pocket-book, and the letter to Mr. Bloodmoney, as well as the string of beads, which my patron had insisted I should put round my neck.

I was, I am certain, more grieved at the loss of my friend Dicky, whose disappearance I knew not how to account for, than at any other deprivation: as I had now greater need than ever of his countenance and assistance. But as I knew not where to look for him, and felt it needful to improve the time in getting as far as possible from the dangerous vicinity of the tavern, I did not pause to lament or consider; but discovering the points of the compass by the

gray streaks of the dawn, which were beginning to appear, I turned my face towards the southwest, which I judged to be pretty nigh the direction of Philadelphia, and set forward with all the vigour I possessed, hoping to make my way, like a wild Indian, through the woods.

And, here, I may as well inform the reader what became of my friend Dicky; the history of whose adventures I did not learn until many weeks afterwards. He had had, like me, the misfortune to be run away with by his horse; which, plunging into a wood, managed to get rid of the General, after a time, by brushing him off against a bough, and then ended the race by plumping into a swamp, where he stuck fast, and was presently found by Dicky; who, after an hour of toil, succeeded in extricating him from the mire. This done, Dicky rode back to the battle-ground, and thence to the tavern; at which he arrived only a few moments after I had left it, and, indeed, just as my jailers had made discovery of my flight; which had thrown them into a ferment of rage and disappointment.

The appearance of Dicky, who, by the questions he asked after me, they discovered to be my fellow robber and accomplice in flight, and who would therefore prove as valuable a capture as myself, was the signal for an assault that they instantly made upon him; but which the valiant Dicky, no wise disconcerted by their numbers, repelled with equal resolution and discretion. Snatching at his pistols, which the practice of the night had already made him familiar with, he let fly among the assailants, shooting one of them right through the hat; who, leaping back in mortal terror, overthrew a companion, with whom he fell to the earth; and both believing themselves dead men, they yelled out in such a

horrible way that the others were struck with consternation, and immediately put to flight. Of this the youthful general, who was too much of a soldier to pursue a success too far, took instant advantage by riding off; though only, as it appeared, to encounter a new danger. The wagoners who had pricked away with the villanous sailor, in quest of my fancied accomplice, were by this time returning from the expedition, after having been by some unaccountable accident separated from their leader, whom, with Bay Tom, they were never destined to see again; and they had arrived so nigh the little inn as to hear the sounds of conflict, and even to see, though indistinctly, (for the morning was yet but little advanced,) the rout of their companions and the retreat of the victor; whom, not doubting him to be the identical highwayman they had been seeking, they now made preparations to intercept: taking up such a position on the road as rendered a passage through them desperately difficult, if not wholly impracticable. But Dicky's soul was now up in arms; his late victory had given double edge to his courage, so that he eyed his opponents with disdain, and resolved to cut his way through them, or die nobly in the attempt. And for this undertaking there was now the greater necessity, as he perceived the assailants he had just put to flight, had caught sight of their comrades, and being encouraged by the reinforcement, were making demonstrations of a design to attack him on the rear.

He rode forward, therefore, preserving a good countenance, and having come within striking distance, discharged, without any hesitation, his remaining pistol as his foes: and then, drawing his hanger, he charged upon them at full gallop, using his weapon with such fury, slashing one over the back,



slicing the fingers of a second, and nearly poking out the eyes of a third; that the wagoners, who had been already somewhat disconcerted and disordered by the pistol shot, were thrown into a panic, and fled from before the terrors of his face; until a lucky gap in a fence gave them an opportunity of darting into the woods, and so escaping the terrible thracks which he dealt around him with relentless rigour. The road being thus cleared, the young champion pursued his way; and giving me up for lost, or supposing, (as he afterwards told me,) that I was before him on the road, he spurred onward with such vigour as to reach Philadelphia before the close of the day, the distance from our town being full sixty miles.

As for me, I made no such speed in my journey, which I was obliged to perform on foot. For though I discovered, upon examining the pocket-book, that my good patron had supplied me with abundant means even to have bought another horse, had I chosen, or to have travelled in any other way, I was so terrified at the mishaps that had already befallen me, and was in such fear of being apprehended a second time, that I avoided the highway altogether; and even resorted to lanes and by-ways only because I found it impossible to make any progress in the woods; where, besides being always bewildered, I was in danger of perishing with famine. I made one or two efforts to hire a horse of farmers in lonely places, but found no success, none of them liking my looks, or account of myself, which, I doubt not, were both suspicious enough; and as some of them betrayed an inclination, or so I thought, to detain me upon speculation, in the hope that they might make something by it, I found myself compelled to give over all attempts of that kind,

and trust to my own legs for safety. Nay, as I perceived there was a danger even in visiting their houses for food or shelter, because they were all so inquisitive, and so distrustful, when they perceived my hesitation in answering their questions, I took means to make such visitations unnecessary, by buying, in a small village I passed through, a little wallet or knapsack, which I crammed with food, and such other necessities as I could procure, and slung upon my back. Thus provided, I trudged along with greater independence, and in less fear, and even had the hardihood to sleep one night in the woods, though in horrible discomfort from the cold, and a furious rain that fell that night.

From these causes, it happened that I travelled very slowly; and it was not until the afternoon of the third day that I arrived at the town of Camden on the Delaware; and thence, in a ferry-boat, crossed over to Philadelphia; whose huge size and endless array of ship-masts and chimneys, stretched in a waving line along the river, filled me with astonishment and alarm. I was landed by the ferryman at the foot of High Street, which, as it was a market-day, was full of people, and especially shad-women; from one of whom, whose basket I had the misfortune to make my first step into—being beside myself with wonder and confusion—I received a benediction much more eloquent than elegant, and would perhaps have had a box on the ear also, had I not made a precipitate retreat out of her reach and the region of the fish-market.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Robin Day arrives at Philadelphia, and meets many adventures therein, and some grievances, which he cures with a pinch of snuff.

HAVING got over my first amazement at the sight of such a prodigious number of houses and people, and emerged from a species of dejection which held me for a moment at the thought of my insignificance and almost nonentity among such a multitude of men, I began to enjoy greater ease and contentment of mind than I had known for several days. My very insignificance, it appeared to me, was my best protection; for "sure," thought I, "among so many people, I shall be in little danger of my pursuers, the constables and deputy-sheriffs, who might hunt for me in such a city for weeks in vain."

With this encouraging reflection, my natural spirits returned at length, to such a degree, that instead of jumping into the gutter, to make room for every body that passed, as I had modestly done at first, I elbowed my way along like others, endeavouring to assume, as far as I could, the air of ease, and the step of busy haste, which seemed to characterize the citizens.

In this I succeeded to my wish, and had just begun to conceit myself almost a citizen, and to fancy that every body else so considered me, when my equanimity received a blow from the wheelbarrow

of a black porter; who, coming up from behind, whistling Yankee Doodle with a vigour that drowned the creaking of his wheel, tumbled me into a lot of pottery arranged along the pavement; whereby, though I received no greater injury than a rent or two in my coat, great damage was done among the merchandise.

This accident, which might have moved the concern of any rational being, its cause, the negro, did not seem in the least to regard, but went on his way, whistling as before; which incensing me, I started up, intending to chastise him for his impudent assault, with a staff I had cut in the woods, and still retained. But here I was doomed to a disappointment, the dealer in washbowls and pattipans seizing me by the collar, and declaring I should not leave him until I had paid for the damage I had done, which he estimated at two or three dollars, though he afterwards abated his demand to one. I would have remonstrated upon the injustice of making me pay for a mischief evidently caused by the negro; but my merchant only grew angry, and declared he would carry me to the nearest justice; which was an alternative so frightful to me, who had such terror of, and such occasion to keep at a distance from, all limbs of the law, that I consented to satisfy his demand, and handed him a five-dollar bill accordingly. But this being a New Jersey note, which, he affirmed, was, like the bills of all New Jersey banks, at a discount, he refused to receive it, unless I allowed him an additional half-dollar by way of premium; and I was about yielding to his demand, when a decent looking man stepped forward, inveighed against the roguery of the fellow for endeavouring, as he said, to take advantage of my youth and ignorance, swore that New Jersey bank-bills were never at a discount,

but always at par, and ended by giving the fellow a dollar bill of some Philadelphia bank, and handing me four others as change; which being done, he clapped my Jersey note into his own pocket, and walked off to escape the thanks, with which I, charmed with his politeness and liberality, was disposed to overwhelm him.

This occurrence gave me a high idea of the generosity and kindness of Philadelphians to strangers; which was only abated by my discovering, as I did about five minutes afterwards, that the four bills given me by the good-natured stranger were counterfeit, and my liberal gentleman a rascally swindler, who had rescued my youth and ignorance from the jaws of the pottery merchant, only to enjoy a huger bite of them himself.

Having accomplished this adventure, I proceeded onward, intending to hunt my way to some respectable hotel, without asking assistance of any one to direct me; a measure that I thought was needless, and which I had, besides, the greater aversion to, as it would be to acknowledge myself a stranger; and I considered that the fewer who knew *that*, the less would be my danger of discovery.

I had not well got over the anger I had been thrown into by the assault of the porter, when it was my fate to encounter another blackamoor, a strapping tatterdemalion, who had upon his shoulder an axe and beetle, with a brace of iron wedges suspended by a string, which he clinked together as he went, crying at intervals, "Wood! wood! split wood!" with a very nasal twang, and a melodious snap quite inimitable. This vagabond, who seemed as deeply engaged in the enjoyment of his music as the porter had been, I very naturally expected would get out of the way, as he passed me; instead

of doing which, he stalked against me, as if entirely ignorant of my presence, or quite indifferent to it; and I was, in a twinkling, laid upon my back by his maul, which struck me on the head, while his two wedges, at the same time, beat such a tattoo on my breast, that I thought, during the instant of contact, they would have drummed my heart out. I leaped up, greatly exasperated, and snatched at my stick to beat the villain; who, perceiving my design, which was made the more manifest by some abusive epithet I let fly at him, paused a moment, and regarding me with extreme astonishment and contempt, exclaimed—"Guy! guess the younker's a fool! Git out of *my* way, will you?" And with these words, and the addition of his usual twanging note, "Wood! wood! split wood!" he passed on, leaving me covered with rage and mortification; which were the greater for my not having dared to beat him; for, in truth, while he spoke, he laid hold of his beetle as if resolved to requite any attack I should presume to attempt, by making a wedge of me, and driving me through the pavement.

In two minutes more, I encountered a similar accident; a third negro running against me with a violence that pitched me into a cellar; where was a cooper making cedar barrels or churns, one of which I had the satisfaction to demolish, just as he had completed his task of putting its different parts together. And here again I expected to be met with a claim for damages; but my cooper was a good-natured fellow; and having eyed me a moment with surprise, while I was dragging my leg from amid the ruins of his work, he said, as if giving me friendly counsel—"You've kicked the barrel to pieces this time, my fine fellow; take care, the next, you don't kick the bucket." Which piece of wit—for

a piece of wit, I believe, he considered it—having passed his lips, he burst into a haw-haw of approbation at his own smartness; and I cursing him in my heart for his insensibility to my pangs—for I had broken my shin by the accident—and mad with vexation and a vengeful desire to punish the author of my misfortunes, clambered up to the street again, but only to find the victorious rascal had vanished away.

These three several assaults led me to further observation of the deportment of the coloured gentlemen of Philadelphia; and I was soon convinced that they were, next to the pigs, the true aristocracy of the town, or, at least, of the streets thereof. I perceived that all passers-by of white complexion and genteel appearance, of all ages and both sexes, gave the way to their sable brethren, stepping reverentially aside, to let them pass; and that, if they did not, the chance was that the sable brethren would revenge the slight by jostling them into the gutter or any open packing-box that lay convenient. I observed also, that there was nothing to be gained by the sufferer remonstrating, in such cases; except a deal of insolent and abusive language, which the lords of the *trottoir* had always ready at command, by way of convincing the complainant that they were as good as himself, if not a great deal better. The insolence of the black republicans was to me astonishing, though not more so than the general submissiveness with which I found it endured. I saw one fellow, a porter with a wheelbarrow, execute, upon a well dressed lady, the same feat that his comrade had lately performed upon me; that is, he knocked her down with his carriage, though not upon a pile of pottery; and the only apology the villain made was a great horse-laugh, and a giggling cry of, "Couldn't help it, Missus, 'pon

wudder honor!" Nor did I find a single one of the many persons who witnessed the aggression, and helped the lady to her feet, who was disposed to resent it, further than by declaring, "the coloured people were growing too insolent;"—except, indeed, myself; who being, by this time, boiling over with indignation, saluted the grinning baboon with a thwack of my staff over the shins, which had the effect of surprising him into a very singular leap or dodge, that carried him head-foremost into his own barrow; the back of which giving way under the blow, he went shooting over the wheel, like a ship, at a launch, rushing down her rollers into the dock, ploughing his way with his nose over the bricks, in a manner that was astonishing to behold. For this salutation, it is highly probable, I should have received in return a furious drubbing from the incensed gentleman, had not a shopkeeper who stood at his door, surveying the spectacle, advised me to retreat before the negro had recovered his feet; assuring me that he (the blacky) would have me immediately taken up and carried before a magistrate; by whom I would be heavily fined for the liberty I had taken.

The name of magistrate was sufficient to put me on my best behaviour; and I left the place, accordingly, without delay. But I was still so much enraged at the insolence of these black gentry, having never before been accustomed to see any that were not very polite and humble in their carriage, that I could not resist an impulse, which now seized me, to provide in advance a suitable punishment—that is, of a character that should not endanger myself—for the next one I should happen to meet. Perceiving a tobacconist's shop at my elbow, I entered it, and bought some Scotch snuff, and a box to hold it; and it was here that I made the discovery of my four



bank-notes being counterfeit, the tobacconist refusing to receive them, and even showing some inclination to detain me and send for an officer to inquire how I had got them; until I appeased his distrust by producing one of my Jersey bills, and relating how I had been imposed upon. This man I found to be as facetious as the cooper. Upon my demanding if he had any very strong snuff, he replied, with a grin—"he had some so strong the box wouldn't hold it;" and when I told him of my mishap with the pottery, he declared that "that was only a way of taking pot-luck uninvited." He consoled me for the imposition practised upon me with the four notes, by saying that, "whatever we might think of them, they were undoubtedly counterfeit—which he supposed, in plain English, meant fit for the counter." In short, this happy personage astounded me by a multitude of quibbles, which he produced as a hen does her eggs, with a furious cackle after each; and then dismissed me with my box of snuff, which, its violence setting me sneezing as I left the door, he declared was, nevertheless, "not to be sneezed at."

I had not walked twenty steps, before I beheld a black fellow approaching, dressed like a dandy, though of the shabby genteel order, his hat cocked smartly on the side of his head, a rattan in his hand, with which he thwacked his boots at every second step, with a swaggering gait, and a look that said as plainly as if labelled in show-bill letters on his nose, which was the broadest part of his countenance, "Get out of my way, white man!"—an injunction very dutifully observed by every well dressed white man who met him.

As for me, who was not at all disposed to yield him such indulgence, but was, on the contrary, eager

for the encounter, I loosened the cover of my snuff-box, as if to regale me with a pinch; and, pretending to look over my shoulder, as if ignorant of his approach, continued to advance in the middle of the walk, until the gentleman, scandalized at my presumption, and resolved to punish it, suddenly came in contact with me in such a way, and with such violence, as must have prostrated me, had I not prepared myself for the assault. I took advantage of the concussion to tap the bottom of my snuff-box, from which the contents immediately flew into the rascal's face, hitting eyes, nose, mouth, and lungs; from which last there presently issued a most terrific yell of surprise and anguish, that was followed by a volley of shrieks and execrations without number, the fellow dancing about, in the agony of pain and blindness, in a manner highly consolatory to my insulted feelings. I crowned my triumph by exclaiming, as if with indignation and rage at my loss, "Hang you, you rascal, you've spilled my snuff!" With which reproach, that served the purpose of both explanation, and apology for the accident, to the persons who came crowding round the negro, I immediately took my departure, turning into another street, and walking away with all the unconcern imaginable.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A short chapter, showing the inconveniences of visiting the high places of hospitality in a tattered coat, with a pack on the top of it.

THE sense of gratified revenge, added to that of security from my foes, had a favourable effect on my spirits and deportment, which latter was now as stiff as might be expected of a schoolboy entering upon the world with a high opinion of his own merits and importance; and seeing a great hotel, that had the appearance of being one of the best in the city, and was therefore just the thing to suit me, I stepped boldly in, and going to the bar, demanded of a dapper personage who stood therein and rested for a moment from his labour of compounding slings and hailstones, by throwing his elbows on the bar, and his chin into his hands, in which position he very lazily and complacently regarded the groups of customers scattered about the room—if I could have lodgings. The gentleman raised his eyes, without disturbing the economy of his attitude, and surveyed me with a look of placid inexpressiveness, but made no reply; seeing which, and supposing he had not heard me, I repeated the question. Upon this, he roused himself so far as to disengage his right thumb from his cheek, and point with it to the door, eyeing me still with a look that seemed to express little or

nothing, but which I, at last, understood to convey an intimation that I might go the way I had come.

I was so enraged and mortified at this insulting repulse, that my first impulse was to lay my staff over the man's pate for his impertinence: but just then, I observed a huge dog rear himself by his forepaws behind the counter, and eye me in a way that convinced me it would be dangerous to attempt any liberties with his impertinent master. To complete my confusion, I perceived, as I turned to depart, that every body was laughing at me, seeming to be vastly diverted at the insolence of the bar-keeper, as well as my own unconcealed chagrin; a degree of cruelty and boorishness, which, notwithstanding my shame, I had yet the courage to reprehend, by begging their pardon for having intruded upon them, because, as I said, "I supposed the house was a place of resort for gentlemen."

With this cut, which, in the innocence of my heart, I supposed was prodigiously witty and severe, but which only made my gentlemen laugh the louder, I left the house, and hunted my way, though with less confidence than before, to a second hotel, where I met a similar rebuff: at least, the barkeeper told me, with a sneer, "they never harboured runaway 'prentices;" and upon my retorting his impertinence, called a servant to put me out of the house. A third attempt resulted in equal mortification; and having made one or two more efforts, in vain, I began fairly to weep with vexation and shame; for I perceived that every body regarded me with contempt, as being entirely unfit to be received into decent lodgings, among genteel and respectable persons. This, I began to suspect, was all owing to the appearance of my clothes, which my travels through the woods had by no means beautified; and

still more to the knapsack I carried, the effect of which, as I could well believe, was to give me more the air of a pedler than a gentleman.

This consideration, and the mortifications I had already endured, besides reducing me in my own opinion, and making me feel very forlorn, caused me to debate whether I should not go to a tailor's shop, and transform myself immediately into a gentleman; or inquire out the residence of Mr. Bloodmoney, and betake myself immediately to him for advice and countenance. The latter alternative appearing to me most advantageous, I summoned courage enough to enter a little tavern, or chop-house, to make inquiry; and finding myself courteously received by a very greasy, bluff and mean-looking personage, who appeared the master of the house, and met me with a courteous demand what I would have.—“Tripe, chop, steak or soured sturgeon?”—and my appetite being pretty eager, I was glad to preface my questions with a dinner such as the man had to give me.

This accomplished, I asked after Mr. Bloodmoney, and received such directions as, I had no doubt, would enable me to find his house without further assistance; and as I had now (not knowing how better to provide myself) resolved to lodge in the steak-house, where the greasy man assured me I could have a very decent bed, provided Mr. Bloodmoney should not direct me otherwise, I left my knapsack in the man's charge, and set out to report myself to that gentleman; who, mine host gave me to understand, in a malicious way, was a “great bug,” that is, a great personage, rolling in wealth; which, for his part, he did not envy, because he was an honest man, who made his money honestly by the sweat of his brow, (he should have said the grease,) and not

by grinding the face of the poor, and sending out ships in the slave-trade, and getting into banks and using the people's money, and all that sort of thing. In short, my landlord was one of those honest personages who console themselves for their poverty by abusing their richer neighbours; which I could see well enough: nevertheless, I thought his account of Mr. Bloodmoney might be true, as it is not always necessary that a rich and great personage should be a man of honour and virtue.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Robin goes in quest of Mr. Bloodmoney; and how he fares in the hands of that gentleman.

IT was already evening when I set out; and Mr. Bloodmoney's house being at a considerable distance, it was dark before I reached the street in which he resided, and endeavoured, in the light of the lanips, to discover his dwelling.

While I was engaged in the search, which was the more difficult because the houses were all built after the same pattern, and none of them furnished with door-plates—for, it seemed, the citizens residing in this quarter were too great and distinguished to suppose any body in the world could require such vulgar guides to their mansions—I had the misfortune to run against a man who was hurrying by; by which accident both of us were staggered and well nigh overthrown. The stranger, who, although a stout and muscular personage, had received the greater damage, ripped out a dreadful oath, and demanded what I meant by running against him, the question being asked in such a ferocious style of bullying and profanity, that I stood aghast, and began, as soon as I could gather the breath which had been knocked out of my body, to stammer forth excuses and apologies, assuring him, in my confusion, that I had been so intently occupied looking for Mr. Blood-

money's house, that I had forgotten every thing else, and so failed to notice his approach; and upon his demanding, which he did with some appearance of surprise, and another oath, what I wanted with Mr. Bloodmoney, I replied, with great frankness, (for I thought, from his tone, he must be an acquaintance of the gentleman, and might therefore direct me to his house,) that I had a letter for him from his friend and kinsman, Dr. Howard; and, indeed, I had it in my hand at the moment, having taken it from my pocket on arriving at the square.

"My friend, Dr. Howard?" cried the gentleman, with another oath, though in tones somewhat more amiable; and, as he spoke, he whisked the letter out of my hand, and advanced to a lamp to read it, assuring me, to my amazement, that I had lighted upon my man, Mr. Bloodmoney himself.

While I was wondering both at the oddness of the encounter, and the singular conversation, manners, and appearance of the gentleman, which did not at all answer the opinions I had conceived of him, he opened the letter, withdrew the inclosure, consisting of several bank-notes, which, with a hearty and approving malediction on his blood and the lamplight, he transferred to his pocket, and then made an effort to read the letter; but this was rendered vain by the insufficiency of the light and the impatience of the reader, who to every word he succeeded in spelling out, added a running commentary of execrations on the crabbedness of the chirography. Nevertheless, with the help of an occasional hint from myself, he made out enough to understand the nature of the application, of which he expressed his approval by observing, that, "when one was too big a rascal for the land, the sea was the only place for making him a gentleman;" and



then asked whether I had been "breaking a strong-box or slicing a weasand?"

I replied, with some spirit—being, indeed, affected by the unsavoury nature of these innuendoes—"that I was no such contemptible villain as he seemed to consider me, and knew nothing of broken strong-boxes or sliced weasands, but had had the misfortune to kill a tyrannical schoolmaster, or at the least, to beat him within an ace of his life; for which it was thought ——." But here Mr. Bloodmoney burst into a laugh, shook me by the hand, and swore I was a fine fellow and should have a berth in the *Lovely Nancy*, which, it appeared, was the name of his privateer. This declaration he accompanied by asking, "how I stood furnished in the locker," or, as he afterwards expressed it, "what funds I had for my outfit;" and upon my intimating, that, besides the sum contained in the letter, my patron would supply me further, according as he himself should direct, he swore, with every appearance of satisfaction, that he—that is, my patron, his friend and kinsman—was "the right sort of an old hunks," and invited me to follow him to a tavern, to discuss the matter at leisure. I was surprised he did not take me to his house, which was so near; but perceiving from his conversation that he was an odd sort of personage, I followed at his heels without demur, and was led by him into a very mean by-street and a mean-looking house; which he, however, declared was a snug and respectable place, fit enough for our business. Here he ordered a room, with a supper, which, being a very extemporary one of steaks and oysters, entered the room nearly as soon as ourselves; and being garnished with a flagon of ale and a bottle of wine, was attacked by him with a zeal and energy that struck me with as much surprise as I felt at his per-

sonal appearance, now revealed in the light of two tallow candles for the first time. He was a middle-sized man, but very muscular, as I mentioned before, dressed in clothes, which, though of good blue broad-cloth, were none of the newest or handsomest, and looked out of place upon him, who, I could not help thinking, had the air of a sailor in landsman's toggery; for which opinion there was the better reason, as his conversation had throughout a strong smack of the sea. His countenance was bold, and alternately repulsive and prepossessing, being now open and jocund, and now, if he but chanced to purse his brows together, as black and glum as Satan's. His skin was very dark, but I thought there was something of a sickly hue about it, as if he had but recently risen from a sick bed; though it was clear enough, from the strength of his appetite, that his disease was now entirely banished. He was a man of forty-five or more, and his hair which was very long and bushy, and had been a jet black, was now becoming grizzled and frosty.

It struck me, as I surveyed the gentleman, that I had seen him before, and so, in the innocence of my heart, I told him; adding, that I supposed it must have been in former years, at my patron's house. "Ay, ay," he mumbled out of a corner of his mouth, which was too full of provender to admit an easy reply—"remember you well—a young, porpoise-faced baboon: always told your father you'd bring up at the gallows."

"Sir," said I, glad to escape the compliment, "the Doctor is not my father; and you must mean his son Tommy, who was drowned five years ago."

To this all that Mr. Bloodmoney deigned to reply was—"Was he, d—— him?" his further expressions of sympathy being cut short by a mouthful of oysters.

Having finished his supper, and swallowed a tumbler of wine, to fortify the ale which he had previously got rid of, he looked up and honoured me with a stare, which was first severe, then wild—or so I thought it, for it seemed to express inquiry mingled with astonishment—and then became placid and pleasant; and in this frame he continued looking me in the face for a minute or more; and then, bursting into a sudden and furious fit of laughter, exclaimed, as soon as the convulsion was over, “And so you were drowned five years ago, split me?”

“No, sir,” said I, perceiving the gentleman had been in a reverie, and was not yet well out of it; “it was my friend Tommy.”

“Oh, ay! what was I thinking of!” cried he, with another peal, which having indulged, he produced and read aloud my patron’s letter; in which Mr. Bloodmoney was entreated to send me to sea as soon as possible, and to draw upon him for any sum necessary for my outfit, the amount inclosed (which, I believe, was a hundred dollars,) being all that the hurry of the occasion enabled him to despatch with me. “Talks like a ship’s pig!” grumbled the gentleman, by way of comment; “ought to have sent five hundred or a thousand; and might, just as easy as not. Here, you, shipmate,” he added, addressing me, “you Timothy Howell, or what’s your name

—,”

“My name,” said I, “is Robin Day.”

“Very well—you Robin Day: write home to my cousin Howell—What’s his name? Howard, split me! I could never bear it in mind two glasses at a time, because how, Howell comes more natural; write home, curse me, and tell him to send you all the money he can raise, d’ye see, from five hundred up—the more the better.”

"Sure," said I, "I thought it would not take so much to fit me out!"

"To fit out a cook's mate, or a powder-monkey," said Mr. Bloodmoney, with an air of disdain, "or, mayhap, a runt of a midshipman, with a head all ratlicked. Hark you, my skilligallee, you've sunk a schoolmaster: it's a sign of blood, and I like you; for I did the same thing in my young days, only that I blew the dog up with gunpowder, and left him as blind as a barnacle for life. Get the money, split me, and I'll make a man of you, and bring you home with a swab on your shoulder, and a whole ship-load of prize money. 'Pon my soul and conscience, split me, I'll make you a lieutenant, and take you into the cabin with me."

I was surprised to hear him talk thus, and told him I had no idea he ever commanded any of his vessels himself. "Brought up to it," said the gentleman, who seemed to be a little flustered with the wine, which had vanished as fast as the ale; "began a boy before the mast, and learned to smell fire with them that knew how to teach me—I did, split me. I won't say nothing; but I say, my lark, you've heard of Captain Hellcat?" I was obliged to inform him, I had not; at which he seemed both surprised and offended, assuring me that Captain Hellcat was the greatest man that ever boarded an enemy, and I nothing more than a green gosling that knew not so much as whether my nose pointed north or south of a Sunday: in fact, upon reflection, I found that I *had* heard of some such worthy, as I now confessed, but said I believed he was a pirate. This Mr. Bloodmoney very readily admitted, but swore he was an honest fellow for all, and a brave one; and seemed to intimate, as far as I could understand his language, which was frequently too nautical for my

comprehension, that he had acquired a portion of his naval art under that honest commander, could navigate and fight a ship as well as any body, and would go to sea, if he felt in the humour, he would, split him.

With that, he ate an ounce or two of cabbage, as he said, to lay the liquor; asked me where I put up, and being told, commended my prudence in avoiding the public hotels; bade me write for more money, and keep myself in quiet, till I received it; assured me I should hear from him; and ended by knocking for a waiter, asking what was the reckoning, and bidding me pay it; which having directed, and, truly, it was directed with all coolness and equanimity, he walked out of the room and the house, leaving me astounded at the oddness of his character.

I paid the bill, as directed; though I did not think Mr. Bloodmoney showed either hospitality or good breeding in making me do so, and still less in not having once invited me to his house, nor even offered me protection from the inveteracy of my pursuers.

On the whole, I was greatly disappointed in the gentleman, and felt so little inclination to take a voyage with him, or with any captain in his employ, that I was now resolved, provided I might by any happy chance light upon Dicky Dare, to unite my fortunes with his, turn soldier with him, and trust to the eloquence of the representation I should make, to obtain forgiveness of my patron.

While pondering thus, returning to my lodgings, on Dicky Dare, and debating what steps I could most safely take to discover him, provided he had, like me, escaped the wagoners, I found myself in front of a theatre; and remembering that Dicky had

expressed on the road a great desire to rest in Philadelphia for a few days, were it only for the sake of visiting these temples of Thespis, I bought me a ticket and entered, in the hope that I might light upon my lost friend within. I had, I must confess, some fear lest I should stumble upon a less desirable acquaintance, perhaps a New Jersey constable, with a warrant for my apprehension in his hand; but the wine I had swallowed gave me courage, and I was too anxious to find my comrade, not to be willing to encounter a little risk. My fears, however, returned when I found myself in the house, exposed to a blaze of lamps, and to the eyes of a countless number of gaily dressed people, all of whom I thought were looking at me; in consequence of which, I retreated for safety to the darkest corner of the remotest box, where I lay perdu during the whole of the representation, of which I heard but little and saw less; for, in fact, I had no sooner recovered from my fears, than I fell sound asleep, being very weary and heavy, and so remained to the end of the afterpiece; when I was waked by the noise of the audience getting up and leaving the house. I departed with them, and was surprised, while making my way to my lodgings, to hear the clocks striking midnight.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Robin Day is turned out of his lodgings, and hospitably invited to the house of a friend.

I MADE my way without any difficulty to the chop-house, which, I had been in fear, from the lateness of the hour, I should find closed. I found it, however, open and filled with guests, who were, in general, of such a mean, and some of them of so raggamuffinly an appearance, and were, besides, drinking and carousing in so noisy and riotous a manner, that I was filled with disgust, and repented that I had not searched out a better lodging.

Nor was my uneasiness abated, when I ascended to the chamber where I was to sleep, and found it full of beds, in some of which lodgers were already soundly snoring, men, to all appearance, of a class no better than the roisterers below. I liked not the idea of sleeping in such company; and even feared I might among them be robbed before morning. Upon examining my wallet, however, I found my apprehensions were, in this particular, entirely superfluous, and for the best reason in the world—namely, that I was robbed already; the wallet, which was without lock and key, and only secured by straps and buttons, having been opened in my absence, and plundered of the few little articles of dress it had contained.

Confounded and enraged at this discovery, I proceeded to the bar-room, where I preferred a complaint to mine host, exhibiting the empty pack as evidence of the truth of the charge; and mine host was instantly in as great a passion as myself. The only difficulty was, that, instead of being in a rage *with*, he was in a passion *at* me, swearing, with great volubility, that the charge was a slander upon his house, and him,—not to speak of his lodgers and guests, who were as honest people as any in the world; and his guests—that is, such of them as were drinking in the bar-room—taking part against me, there was presently a furious quarrel begun, some accusing me of robbing myself, others of robbing the sleepers up stairs, while a third class went the length of insisting that I had robbed the landlord, if not even themselves; and all agreed that I ought either to be taken in hand by themselves and flogged on the spot, or given over to the watch; both which penalties, I believe in my conscience, would have been enforced against me, had not one vagabond, who was wiser and more humane than the rest, proposed a new punishment, which was that I should treat the company to a gallon of gin, and then he turned out of the house. And this penalty was straightway put into execution, the company being treated to a glass all round at my expense, (for I found I should be maltreated, if I refused to pay,) and myself, the moment the libation was made and accounted for, turned neck and heels out of doors.

I was in a frenzy of rage at this vile and ignominious usage, and felt, for a moment, inclined to call the watch, and give the whole company into charge of the authorities; but a moment's reflection satisfied me that my hard fate did not permit me to indulge in the sweets of revenge; since the probability was,



that, whatever might be the fate of my oppressors, when brought before the Mayor, I should myself remain a victim in his hands. I was constrained, therefore, to rest satisfied with such smaller revenge as I had it in my power to enjoy; and this I effected by launching a brickbat through the window of the bar-room into the midst of the revellers; and, judging by the direful tumult that immediately ensued, I must have done considerable execution among them; though this I did not wait to ascertain; but, on the contrary, took to my heels and ran, until persuaded I was no longer in danger of pursuit.

And now I began to be in despair, not knowing whither to direct my steps, or where to seek for shelter in all this great and inhospitable city; when, by and by, my thoughts happily reverted to the little tavern where I had supped with Mr. Bloodmoney, and which, although of an appearance not a whit better than the chop-house, was yet, as Mr. Bloodmoney had said, a very decent sort of place, where I might, perhaps, procure a bed, provided its doors were still open.

Thither, accordingly, I resolved to make my way; and I proceeded with greater speed, as I perceived that foul weather was brewing, with every appearance of a furious storm. Indeed, it had been cloudy all the evening, and a gale of wind was already blowing, though as yet without rain; but before I had gone much more than half the distance, it began to fall in showers, that grew every moment heavier and more frequent, so that I was by and by soaked to the skin.

To add to my distress, I became aware, after a time, that, what with the darkness and my hurry, I had missed my way, and knew not how to regain it, unless by betaking myself to a watchman; which

I was loath to do, as I thought the chances were that he would take me up as a vagrant, and introduce me to lodgings I should like still less than those in the chop-house. As for asking assistance of other persons in the street, which I was well enough disposed to do, there was the great difficulty that no such persons were to be found, it being now after one o'clock, and the streets as solitary as the walks of a graveyard, in which I was the only ghost that roamed. The winds blew, the lightnings gleamed, the rains fell, the spouts rattled, the gutters gurgled, the shutters clattered; but I had it all to myself, and bade fair to have it so all night, being monarch of all I surveyed, the storm and the city, without, however, being the master of so much as a straw bed.

In this exigency, whilst I was now bewailing and now cursing my fate, which I began to consider the hardest in the world, now tumbling over a curb-stone, and now plumping into a gutter, and all the while shivering with cold and despair; it was my hap to discover, when I least expected it, a man who seemed to be a wayfarer like myself, and no watchman: and, in truth, I had seen but little of the guardians of the night since the storm began.

As the individual was at a distance, and only revealed to me by a flash of lightning, I was obliged to run forward to overtake him, which I soon did; and then asked him, with a voice all chattering with cold, if he could direct me where Mr. Bloodmoney lived—not that I wished to find Mr. Bloodmoney's house in particular; but I knew, when once in the street where it stood, I could make my own way to the little tavern. To this question the gentleman answered by discharging a terrible oath, that was directed especially against his eyes and blood, and

asking, ejaculatorily, "whether the devils were all broke loose?" and "what I wanted with Mr. Bloodmoney?"

I thought I knew the voice; and, indeed, a sheet of lightning now bursting over the sky, and revealing his features, I saw to my surprise, that I had fallen a second time upon Mr. Bloodmoney himself.

He seemed, on his part, quite as much surprised, and demanded, with another choice execration, "what I was doing in the street, swimming about like a lost tadpole?"

I replied, that I had been turned out of my lodgings; at which he was prodigiously diverted; but he laughed still more, when I told him how my knapsack had been rifled; though he expressed some indignation at *that*, and swore that robbery was becoming intolerably frequent, and that strangers in a city were plundered and imposed upon by every body—especially young ones.

I then told him how I had lost my way in attempting to find the little tavern; in which if I could not procure admission, I must walk the streets in the rain all night, as I knew not how else to help myself.

This I uttered in a very dolorous tone; but its only effect was to increase the mirth of Mr. Bloodmoney, who told me I was "a pig in a strange latitude;" with other expressions which, from their abounding with salt-water technicalities, I did not exactly understand. He concluded, however, by declaring, in a sudden fit of hospitality, at which I was both surprised and pleased, that, as he saw I was no more capable of taking care of myself than an unshelled oyster, he would carry me to his own house, and see what he could do for me; and this resolution he immediately proceeded to put into

execution, by bidding me follow him, and leading the way to the square in which he lived. This, as it proved, was at no great distance; and I had soon the satisfaction of finding myself at the corner of the street, where was a watchman's box that I had noticed before. As we passed it by, I perceived the wind had blown the door open, and exposed the watchman sitting sound asleep; which being noticed by Mr. Bloodmoney, he closed the door, "to keep the rain," as he said, with a smothered laugh, "from blowing in the poor fellow's face;" though he immediately after swore, "it was a rascally thing for the man to be thus snoozing away the night, who was so well paid for guarding the property of the citizens;" adding that such negligence encouraged, and even invited, burglary, and that he should not be surprised if some of the neighbours had their houses robbed that very night.

## CHAPTER XX.

He finds himself in Mr. Bloodmoney's house, who makes great preparations to entertain him.

As we walked towards the house, which was now nigh at hand, Mr. Bloodmoney gave me to understand there was sickness in his family, his wife being ill with a nervous fever, or "some such cursed out-of-sortishness," as he called it; which he mentioned, he said, not merely as a caution against making any noise after we should have entered, but as an excuse for the badness of the entertainment I might expect; since, as his servants were, by this time, all fast asleep in bed, and could not be roused—nor, indeed, do any thing, if roused—without making such a clatter as must drive his wife distracted, there was nothing to be done but to wait upon ourselves. I hastened to assure him I should be very careful in obeying his injunctions; and begged that no trouble might be taken on my account, since all I desired was a bed to sleep in, and some means of drying my clothes; the two robberies together having left me no others to shift myself.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," quoth Mr. Bloodmoney, laughing; and then added, with another of the oaths, without which he seemed incapable of conducting any conversation, "If the sack is empty, so much the better; for I shall fill it with

such a freight as it never carried before—I will, split me.”

With that, Mr. Bloodmoney ascended a suite of marble steps leading to the door of a very magnificent house—that is, magnificent, so far as size was concerned; but otherwise, it looked like a barn, being nothing but a great flat wall of red bricks, broken only by the windows, door, and a petticoat of white marble below, there being not one pennyworth of architectural design, or ornament of any kind, to be seen on any part of it; this being the approved fashion of building fine houses in Philadelphia. Here, bidding me “belay my jaw,” for I was adventuring a remark upon the storm, which was now raging with increased violence, and pouring a deluge of rain, Mr. Bloodmoney, with a key, essayed the door; which not opening as readily as he wished, he so far forgot his own injunctions as to let fly a multitude of execrations, first upon the door, then the key, and finally upon himself, all which, and whom, he abused with equal fervour; and he had succeeded in consigning himself to what he called “the home of all the hellcats,” before the door finally yielded to his efforts, and let us in.

This happy success he signalized by d——g his blood, and then closed and secured the door; which being effected, he bade me follow him, and we groped our way along a dark passage, and thence into a dark room; where, however, was a smouldering fire of coals twinkling in a grate; which Mr. Bloodmoney, who was also pretty well drenched with rain, seemed as happy as myself to see. He bade me hold fast at the door until he had got a light; which he obtained by first kindling a paper match at the fire, and then a brace of wax candles that stood in a branch over the mantel.

In this light, I perceived we were in a very spacious saloon, opening, by means of folding leaves, that were wide spread, into another of equal size, and both of them furnished with a luxury, sumptuousness and splendour, that struck me dumb with admiration; for I had never dreamed that such gorgeousness was found in any but a princely palace, much less in the dwelling of a plain democratic American citizen. The rich carpets, the huge mirrors in massive carved frames extending from the ceiling to the floor, the dark antique-looking pictures in frames as rich and solid, the window draperies of satin and fine lace, the chairs and ottomans, with cushions covered with crimson velvet, the lamps and chandeliers of dead gold, the branches, brackets, mantel vases, and other ornaments, made up a spectacle that both delighted and confounded me. It was to me almost a scene of fairy-land; for my benefactor, Dr. Howard, though very rich, never dreamed of indulging in such luxurious display; either because he did not care for it, or was afraid of incurring the envy and hatred of his less affluent neighbours, by too greatly eclipsing them in state. In fact, it daunted me; and I felt both ashamed and afraid to move, in my drenched and squalid condition, among so many objects of splendour; until the lord of the mansion, who seemed to survey the spectacle with infinite satisfaction, as being fully conscious of all its advantages, beckoned me forward to help him replenish the fire from a coal-scuttle, that the servants had left standing hard by, either for the convenience of their master, who was, doubtless, accustomed to be out late at nights, or to lessen their own labours, in making the morning fires. The coal being bituminous, was soon in a blaze, though—from our anxiety to avoid noise and disturbance—we were

some time in putting it on; and we had, after a while, a fine roaring fire, which our wet clothes, and the coolness of the night, made uncommonly agreeable.

My eccentric host noticed the looks of approbation I still cast about me; whereupon he muttered, with an encouraging grin, "Fine harbour to moor in, eh? All made on blue water, with a cast or two in soundings. The sea's the place, my lad—the true Spanish mine that you might poke Potosi, Golgotha, or whatever you call it," (I suppose he meant Golconda,) "and Gopher, and the Gold Coast, and all the rest of your dry-land mines in, and never find them again. D—n my blood, you Powel—what's your name?"—"Robin Day, sir," I put in.—"Very well: half a dozen voyages or so, and you're made for life;—just such a snugger, (Sailor's Rest, eh?) a bank of money—a nervous wife, and seven squalling hell's-kitten children, blast 'em—and all the rest of the good things, split me:—provided Davy Jones don't claim you for supper, beforehand. And talking of supper, if I could but light upon one of the niggers, I could eat one—that is, a supper, and not a nigger; though, upon a pinch, I should n't make mouths at a young one, seeing that I once ate a whole leg off one, in a small boat, for want of something better, split me."

With that, the gentleman, complaining there was not light enough to see by, got upon a chair, and lighted a chandelier depending from the ceiling; which done, he swore he must have something to drink, or die for it, and began to rummage about, and at the first attempt, produced the remains of a bottle of Rhenish wine, that stood on a side-board, and seemed to have been very recently opened. This he pronounced cursed wish-wash,—bilgewater



and vinegar, but nevertheless took a hearty draught of it, handing me the remainder, and assuring me it was "poor stuff, indeed, but milk for babes." He then, in the search for something better and stronger, made an attempt upon the sideboard, with a key taken from a huge bunch of all shapes and sizes; and, while trying one after another, until he hit upon the right one, he took occasion to inform me, "there was no trusting servants, especially the nigger ones; that there was nothing would keep them out of mischief, except locking every thing up; and finally, that he was always obliged to carry the keys himself, when Mrs. Bloodmoney was sick; and split him, he knew the use of them, though he never could tell one from another."

By this time he had opened the sideboard, whence he drew forth, with a chuckle of satisfaction, some half dozen or more decanters, containing various liquors, spirituous and vinous, each having a case or foot-box of silver, in the old style, to stand in. These he deposited with great glee upon a table that stood in the centre of the room, as if it had been left, after clearing away supper. Another visit to the sideboard resulted in his finding a brace of cake-baskets, also of silver, in one of which was the remnant of a huge black or plum cake, in the other a farrago of smaller cakes and confectionary. These he pronounced, with great disdain, schoolboy trumpery; and betook him to the sideboard again, but without any further success in discovering eatables; though he lighted upon sundry articles of plate, all which he drew out and laid upon the table, swearing, with as much energy as he could express in a whisper, "that he would have a supper, if he had to raise the house for it." I took the liberty of telling him, "I hoped he was not giving himself any of that

trouble on my account;" upon which he nodded and laughed, swore I was "an odd dog," and declared he intended to make my fortune.

I thought, upon my conscience, that if there was any odd dog in the case, *he* was the one; for a more strangely behaved personage I had never seen before in my whole life; and every act and expression served but to increase my surprise.

Having despatched the sideboard, he made an attack upon a brace of closets in the chimney-wall, which, after a deal of trouble, he succeeded in opening, but only to find them empty; whereupon he fell into a rage, and swore he believed the servants had robbed them; for Mrs. Bloodmoney, he knew, used to keep the spoons and forks in one or other of them. I ventured to say, "I thought we could do very well without any such superfluities;" but he cut me short by applying to *my* eyes one of those energetic benedictions with which he was wont to distinguish his own, bidding me "hold my tongue, or use it, like a cat, to dry myself;" an expression whose oddity seemed so agreeable to himself, that he immediately got rid of a sour look he had put on, and fell to laughing, though in a subdued manner, as became the husband of the sick and nervous Mrs. Bloodmoney. Indeed, I may observe, that, although the din of the storm, which seemed rather to increase than diminish, the howling of the winds, the pattering of the rain, and the clamour of numberless shutters slamming and banging in all quarters, might have excused a little indulgence, since no ordinary talking or laughing could have been heard out of the room itself, and none, if heard, could have distressed any nerves that were undisturbed by the tempest; Mr. Bloodmoney was, nevertheless, extremely careful in every thing he did or said, to

make as little noise as possible; which convinced me that, notwithstanding his oddities and coarseness of manners, Mr. Bloodmoney had an affection for his wife; and this I felt, was one good quality, however deficient he might be in others.

## CHAPTER XXI.

In which Mr. Bloodmoney gives Robin his supper, and tells him several astonishing secrets.

HAVING advised me to use my tongue as aforesaid, and laughed at his own facetiousness, Mr. Bloodmoney swore he would make a voyage of exploration over the house, in search of the proper materials for a supper; and that he might do this with less fear of disturbing his lady, he pulled off his boots, that were somewhat of the heaviest, and, being also, as he said, water-logged, made a gurgling noise, at every step, which he himself compared to the "gasp of a drowning tomcat." This being done, and not without my assistance, which he demanded without any ceremony, he sallied forth in his stocking-feet, with a candle, bidding me keep quiet till he returned.

I kept quiet as he directed, sitting by the fire, indulging in speculations on his character, and wondering whether its singularity and coarseness were shared by any of the members of his family—supposing he had one; which, I thought, might be inferred from his remark about the seven squalling children. Supposing his wife, however, were his only companion, I had soon good evidence, as I esteemed it, of her being a very different sort of personage from her lord; for, besides a magnificent

piano, that stood against the wall, and a guitar lying upon it, I perceived, upon getting up to look about me, an equally magnificent harp standing, half covered, in a corner, with a music-stand, and books scattered in some disorder around it. The sight of the harp filled my eyes with tears; for it reminded me of Nanna, who had learned to play upon that instrument, and brought to my memory the days of happiness I had enjoyed in her father's house, days which I was, perhaps, never to know again.

I turned away from it, that I might conquer my agitation before Mr. Bloodmoney's return; and then betook me to the pictures, which I surveyed with much interest, having always had a passionate regard for the painter's art. Some of these appeared to me very ancient and excellent, being religious pieces, representations of Madonnas and Saints, and scenes of crucifixion and martyrdom, that awoke sad and painful emotions in my breast.

Besides these, there were several portraits; of which two, hanging as pendants, occupied conspicuous places on the wall, representing, the one a female, not very young or handsome, but amiable looking; the other, a gentleman advanced in life, but of a vigorous frame, stern, and somewhat sinister countenance, and with powdered hair.

Another, that hung in the corner above the harp, interested me more, both because it was a better painting, as I could perceive, notwithstanding it had but an insufficient light, and because there was something at once striking and noble in the visage. It was also the portrait of a gentleman, though much younger than the other, in some foreign costume, rich and picturesque; his countenance very handsome, but swarthy, with long black hair falling upon his shoulders; and round his neck a string of black

beads, that, I thought, looked pretty much like my own, only that there was suspended to it a rich golden cross, with a cluster of jewels at the ends of each arm, and another at the point of intersection. But what struck me more than the richness of dress and decorations, or the beauty of the countenance, was an air of uncommon gloom and dejection that sat upon every feature, expressing a tale of suffering that wrought upon my feelings and awakened my curiosity; and Mr. Bloodmoney returning about this time, with a huge load of eatables and other things he had gathered up, I directed his attention to the picture, begging to know who it was it represented. He cast his eye indifferently towards it, but his countenance suffered a change the moment he regarded it: he seemed, indeed, perturbed and confounded; gazed upon it with a sort of wildness for an instant, and then turned hastily away, bidding me "mind my own business, and be curst;" though he presently added, as if ashamed of his roughness, "that it was an old friend of his who had gone to Davy Jones long ago;" with which gracious information I was obliged to rest satisfied.

He now spread upon the board the spoils collected in his expedition, (which, he declared, he had conducted without disturbing so much as a cat or a mouse,) consisting of cold meats and fowls, pastry, sweetmeats, and I know not what beside; but there was enough to feed a regiment, as well as an astonishing quantity of plate—spoons, forks, goblets, salvers, &c., his bringing which and spreading it on the table, where it made a rich and tempting, but useless show, I could only account for by supposing he desired to amaze and confound me with the evidences of his boundless wealth—a supposition that appeared to me natural enough of a man whose con-

versation indicated so vulgar, and doubtless so poor an origin; and which was, moreover, confirmed by his openly soliciting my admiration to his treasure, asking me if it was not a "cargo for a Spanish gal, leon?" "an invoice worth a Jew's eye?" with other like expressions.

Having arranged it to his mind, he now sat down to eat and drink, bidding me do the same; and out of the various cold bits he had collected, we made a very good supper together—Mr. Bloodmoney in particular, who ate with a vigour that would have surprised me, had not the energy with which he attacked the potables absorbed all my attention. One bottle of wine he despatched at a gulp, without taking the trouble to pour it out; a second he attacked with like fury but was obliged to breathe in the middle of the draught, and when he had cracked off the neck of a third, which he did with a knife, as if slicing off the head of an enemy, his zeal was so much abated that he was content to drink, as he said, "in the genteel way," that is, by pouring the wine into a tumbler; for he professed too great a contempt of wine-glasses to condescend to such small ware.

Having arrived at this point of moderation, I could not observe that his energies suffered any further abatement; or that his draughts declined either in quantity or frequency. In short, Mr. Bloodmoney, as he freely confessed, loved his glass, particularly, as he added, in foul weather, when the soaking of the inner man was the only way to prevent the saturation of the outer; "for how," quoth he, ingeniously, "can water get into a barrel that's already full of better liquor?"

Upon this principle he drank, and with a very visible effect on his heart and spirits, the one growing warm and loving, the other facetious and boisterous;

so that he, by and by, fell to stretching across the table, to shake hands with me, in a manner the most ardent in the world, swearing he loved me, "for all of my nose being too big for my eyes," (an expression which, although it was a riddle to me then, I suppose was meant to convey the idea, that it was so big—metaphorically speaking—as to prevent my seeing beyond it,) and finally to trolling a sea song, which he began to sing so loudly that I was forced to remind him of the tender state of Mrs. Blood-money's nerves; whereupon he declared he had forgot himself, and declared it with an oath thrice as loud as the song.

In a word, the gentleman was becoming merry; of which he gave a new and stronger proof every moment, being guilty of a thousand absurdities of speech and action, that are not necessary to be recorded, except in so far as they had a bearing upon my own interests. One of his pranks was to cram my knapsack with the valuables he had collected together; and, as he prefaced this step by embracing me, and swearing, as he was now accustomed to do every half minute, that he intended to make my fortune, I thought, upon my conscience, he meant to make me a present of the whole collection; and was amazed at the extravagance of his folly. He then clapped the sack upon the table, swore he was once the best sailor that ever trode a plank, declared I should be his first lieutenant, and asked me if I ever had heard of Captain Hellcat? and upon my reminding him he had spoken of that worthy at the little inn, he averred, with great volubility, and in one breath, that the said Captain was a very honest fellow, and the biggest villain the earth had ever produced; and this very wise and consistent asser-



tion he concluded by acquainting me, in a fit of great communicativeness, that Captain Hellcat—or Brown, for this, it appeared was his real appellation, the former being a mere nickname—was in Philadelphia, and had made application for the command of the privateer, the Lovely Nancy.

At this information I was both surprised and alarmed—surprised, as I told Mr. Bloodmoney, that any such piratical villain should dare show himself among honest men in a great city, not to speak of his audacity in asking command of an honest man's ship; and alarmed, as I also freely confessed, at the possibility of my being sent to sea under charge of such a commander. To this Mr. Bloodmoney made answer, first, by particularizing my eyes in his customary way, and bidding me not abuse a better man than myself, and then by referring in the same way to his own, and asking if I thought him such a horse as to trust a ship in the hands of such a desperado, who might run away with her, the moment it suited his interests—not he, split him. "No," said he, "I'm no such gudgeon, but a deep-water fish, fin, head and tail, as you'll find me. And yet I would I could trust the Lovely Nancy in the dog's hands, for I'll be hanged if there's his equal, could one but depend upon his honour and honesty, in all creation. Sails a ship like an angel—storm and shine, blow or no blow, all's one to Jack Brown; and fights, ah, split me, where's his match at a fight? fights like a hell-cat, and there's the name of him. An honest fellow, split me! made me a power of money: as how? Why, by fishing for niggers on the Gold Coast, and stray Spaniards on the Gulf, *et cetera*, as the learned folk say. But that's neither here nor there. Bad luck's the lot of the best; even Davy

Jones gets a snub, sometimes, when the parsons chouse him out of a dying sinner: and so Jack came to misfortune; and them that were his old friends turn up their noses at him, especially us that live in big houses and have made our fortunes by him—we do, split me. Well, Jack comes to me, and says he, ‘I’m an honest man now, and go for fighting the foes of my country: give me the Lovely Nancy, and I’ll sweep the Irish Channel.’ I liked the idea, split me; for, no doubt, there was good picking there, and nobody to interfere: for d’ye see, John Bull would never think of clapping a guard at his parlour door. But, nevertheless, d’ye see, I meant the ship for the Gulf and the West Indies, having business of my own there; and so said I, Jack, I can’t trust you with a ship, for you’ll run away with her. Then Jack d—d his eyes and talked of his honour; but I told him that was all old junk and oakum; for unless he could find some one to stand security for his good behaviour, or raise a pledge that would nail him to the same, he should whistle for the Lovely Nancy, he should, split him. And now, d’ye see, here’s the case: Jack’s as mad as fire, because of my scorning his honour; and he’s mad for the Lovely Nancy, for she’s a beauty; and he’s mad to raise a pledge, because he can’t get a ship without it. And what do you think he’ll do? Why, I’ll be hanged, if I know: only I should n’t wonder if he should rob me, the rascal—break my house, carry off my plate and what else he can lay hands on, and so make a pledge for his good faith with my own money! I should n’t, split me, for it’s in the rascal, it is, split me!”

With that, Mr. Bloodmoney, seizing upon my knapsack, and clapping a few more articles of plate into it, informed me, with a look of unutterable sagacity, that he was going to balk the rascal, by re-

moving every valuable from the house, and depositing them for safe-keeping in the lockers of the Lovely Nancy herself;—nay, so urgent appeared to him the necessity of such a transfer, of making it that very night; “for who” said he, “can tell how soon Hellcat may be down upon me?”

## CHAPTER XXII.

An adventure of a Sleeping Beauty, in which Robin Day shines out as a hero.

HAVING thus solved the mystery of the plate, he assured me again it was more than probable that, from the difficulty of procuring a suitable captain, he should take command of his vessel himself; in which case, I might depend upon being appointed his first lieutenant; an honour which, I am sorry to say, did not at this time appear to me too great for my merits; for, if I must say the truth, the libations I felt obliged, out of civility, to make oftener than I should have otherwise desired, had somewhat turned my head and robbed me of understanding.

For the same reason, as I grew foolish, I became also sentimental and tender-hearted; and happening to direct my eyes to the portrait of Mrs. Bloodmoney, I was seized with concern at the thought of Mr. Bloodmoney leaving her, to embark upon an enterprise of such danger, and so told him; whereupon he assured me in confidence, "She was a confounded jade and a shrew, and he longed to be rid of her;" adding that he was going to carry a passenger to the Gulf, a certain young lady, the most beautiful creature in the world; and who, as he swore he would marry her the moment he should have got out of Mrs. Bloodmoney's sight, I did not doubt was a

main reason of his resolving to sail the vessel himself.

His rapturous commendations of this young lady, in whose honour he immediately began to sing a very strange love-song, abounding with marine phrases and saline similes, had the effect of making me think again of the beautiful Nanna; and as I had now reached the point of festive sensibility, when one can be lachrymose or merry, just as the whim shifts, I immediately burst into a flood of tears, and informed Mr. Bloodmoney I was the most unhappy of men. "Of boys, you mean," said Mr. Bloodmoney; who then demanded with great sympathy "what I was blubbering about?" and whether there was a woman in the case? and upon my admitting that such was the fact, that my misfortunes had separated me from the loveliest and most amiable of her sex, he gave me a fervent hug, and swore with great generosity, that, if that were the case, I should have the young lady, his beautiful passenger, myself—I should, split him; for such was his regard for me, he could refuse me nothing—no, not even this adorable young lady, who would make me amends for the loss of a princess; for why? a queen was a dowdy compared with her.

With that, he launched again into his praises and his song, now carolling a stave, in a voice that was as loud, as broken, and perhaps as musical as the wind itself, howling around the chimneys, now diverging into extemporary recitative, uttering I know not what confused and incoherent nonsense; for the gentleman was now in his seventh heaven; when the door, which Mr. Bloodmoney had left ajar, suddenly opened, as of its own accord, and there stepped into the room a vision or apparition—for so, at first, I thought it—of a young and beautiful female, dressed

all in white, indeed in a night-dress, holding a candle in her hand, though not lighted, with which she made her way, stepping softly, towards the harp; when she laid the light down upon a table, and then began to remove the cover from the instrument, as if about to play. She took no notice of either Mr. Bloodmoney or myself, and seemed, in truth, quite unconscious of our presence; though she passed so near me, as I sat at the corner of the table, staring at her aghast, (for I was confounded at her appearance,) as to brush me with her clothes. It was then, however, that I perceived her eyes, which were wide open, and very large and black, had in them an air of stony fixedness and inexpressiveness, a want of life and speculation, which I had read of as characterizing the sleep-walker, and such, I began to suspect, the young lady must be; and such, as it proved, she, in fact, was.

She laid down the lamp, and uncovered the harp, as I have mentioned, and then began to fumble among the music, as if in search of a piece to play; when Mr. Bloodmoney, who was, for a moment, struck dumb, like myself, exclaimed, "There she is, shiver my timbers! An't she a lass for a commodore?" And, jumping up, he advanced towards her, staggering and lurching like a ship in a storm, swearing "he'd have a buss, if he died for it;" and before I knew what to say, or think of his strange proceedings, he clapped his arms around her, and snatched a salute from her lips.

The rudeness and violence of the attack instantly awoke the fair somnambulist, who, thus restored to sudden consciousness, and finding herself in a man's arms, uttered a shriek the wildest, shrillest, and most expressive of terror and desperation, I had ever heard; and this she followed up by a dozen others,

as loud and as harrowing, struggling all the time, though without avail, to free herself from Mr. Bloodmoney's grasp; who, telling her, with more energy than tenderness, she might "squeak and be hanged," swore "he would have another smack, he would, split him."

During the first part of this adventure, surprise kept me nailed to my chair, as well as speechless; but now, being roused from my stupor, and in part also, from the effects of the wine, by the lady's shrieks, and perceiving her almost mad with terror and distress, I began to be sensible the liberty Mr. Bloodmoney was taking was neither civil nor manly—nay, on the contrary, that it was indecorous and brutal; and that it became me to rescue the affrighted beauty from his clutches. Prompted by these considerations, and still more by my feelings, which were naturally chivalrous enough in the cause of women, I ran to her assistance; and, not knowing in what better way to proceed, I took advantage of the instability of my entertainer's footing to trip up his heels, and so lay him upon the floor; assuring him, as I did so, by way of apology, that "that was no way to treat a lady."

As virtue does sometimes meet with its reward, so it happened that mine was in this instance destined to a recompense; for the lady was no sooner released from Mr. Bloodmoney's arms, than she flung herself into mine, grasping me round the neck, and embracing me with such fervour, that my heart began to pitapat with confusion. In truth, the embrace of such a lovely creature, now the more lovely for her terror, wrought a kind of enchantment on my brain; I felt myself, on a sudden, transformed into a hero of romance whom a wondrous destiny had thrown into contact with my star-ordained heroine, for whom I was to

dare all perils and achieve all exploits that had ever been recorded of a Belmour or Lord Mortimer; whom I was to adore in the intensest manner possible, and be faithful to, through good and evil, through storm and shine, through pomp and temptation, &c. &c. &c. in the usual sentimental way. All that I do know, in addition to what I have said, is that I, for the moment, entirely forgot my dear Nanna, and that I returned the embrace of my new charmer, swearing, by way of re-assuring her, that I would die in her defence; to all which, as well as to my tender embraces, she paid not the slightest regard, having, in fact, fallen into a swoon. It was to this, to do her justice, more than to any thing else, that I owed the favour of her embrace; for she had clutched me, to avoid falling, just as she would, from instinct, have clutched a post or a block; though the sound of a defender's voice, no doubt caused her to turn to me as to a protector, and so gave me a preference I should have enjoyed had there even been a post or a block, for her to choose between us.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

Another adventure of a more terrible cast, in which the Sleeping Beauty performs the part of a heroine.

IN the meanwhile, my entertainer, enraged at my interference, sprang to his feet, and made another dart at the maiden, to snatch her from my arms; in which he would have, perhaps, succeeded, had not a fourth person now rushed into the room, with a pistol, which he fired at the gentleman, though without doing him any harm; and then, with a chair which he snatched up and wielded with both hands, knocked him down. The intruder, as I saw at a glance, was the original of the portrait that hung as the pendant to the effigy of Mrs. Bloodmoney—to wit, the gentleman with powdered hair, stern countenance, and vigorous frame; and the sight of him brought I know not what strange fancies and suspicions into my head. But I had little time to entertain them; for having knocked Mr. Bloodmoney down, he began to vociferate in terms of wrath and alarm, “Here! John, Tim, Dick, George! Robbers, thieves! Fetch the watch—murder! help! George, Dick, Tim, John, watch! thieves, robbers!” And immediately three or four negro-men, very spruce and active looking, though but half dressed, came tumbling into the room, with looks and cries of astonishment and indignation, following the gentleman, who now made

an assault upon me, bidding me "surrender for a house-breaking dog," and strengthening his exhortation by the same argument he had used in the case of my worthy host—that is, by knocking me down with the chair. At the same moment, some of the blackies whisked the young lady out of my hands, and helped her, now recovering her senses, out of the room; while the others, holding fast upon my entertainer and myself, imitated the leader in the nocturnal onslaught, in brawling to "fetch the watch," and "to bring ropes to tie the robbers."

The weight of the chair, applied without any consideration of what might be the consequences, to a head considerably softer than usual, had somewhat stunned and muddled my faculties; and their confusion was rather increased than abated by the outcries of the strange gentleman and his attendants, and their violent proceedings in regard to my friend and myself. Nevertheless, I was not so much stupefied as to be incapable of forming my own opinions of the true state of matters and things; but, had I been, all uncertainty must have been put to flight by what followed.

The negroes having secured my hands behind me with a handkerchief, pulled me upon my feet, that the powdered gentleman might see, as he said, "who the rascal was." He gave me a furious stare, told me I was "a bloody-minded looking villain— young for a housebreaker, but old enough to hang;" to not one word of which friendly and flattering address did I return an answer, being, in truth, so unutterably confounded, that my tongue, as I may say, clove to the roof of my mouth.

He then turned to my entertainer, who being helped to his feet in like manner, received him with a volley of drunken oaths and maledictions,

called him "Old Commodore," and demanded, with every appearance of honest indignation, "If that was the way he treated an old friend and visiter."

"A visiter!" quoth the white-headed gentleman, starting at sight of him as at a basilisk, and in his surprise, uttering a name that made my flesh creep on my bones—it was the name of the redoubtable Captain Brown, *alias* Hellicat!

I understood my position at once, or, at least, I thought I did: the white-headed gentleman, and no other, was the true Mr. Bloodmoney, and the other a villanous sharper, pirate, cut-throat—every thing that was roguish, who had taken advantage of my ignorance and simplicity, choused me out of my letter of recommendation, with its enclosure of money, and, what was worse, inveigled me into the commission of a felony, made me his accomplice in a burglary, and a burglary, too, in the house of the very man to whom I was bearing the letter of recommendation.

If I was confounded before, I was now in a trance of confusion a hundred times worse than ever, being thrown into such a fit of consternation at the discovery of my deplorable condition, that I not only was incapable of seeing what it was proper for me to do, to extricate myself from the dilemma—to wit, to inform Mr. Bloodmoney who I was, and how I had been entrapped—but lost my seven senses along with my wits, so that I no longer saw or heard any thing that passed around me, being conscious only of a multitude of sounds as of men in wrathful argument, whom I could no more see than I could distinguish their words. In this condition I was dragged away, at the order, I believe, of Mr. Bloodmoney, into another room, where one of the blackies remained in watch over me, armed with a

poker, with which he gave me to understand, twenty times a minute, he would knock out my brains, if I made any attempt to escape; to render which the more difficult, he was at the pains to produce a second handkerchief with which he bound my legs, leaving me lying like a log on the floor.

I now began to recall my wits a little, and could then hear the hum of loud and angry voices from the saloon, and presently a greater hubbub as of altercation; then a yell and cry of murder, followed by other sounds not less frightful; upon which the negro who had charge of me, ran out to join the fray, leaving me in the dark, and as much terrified as himself. To increase the din, there was now heard a prodigious banging at the door and ringing of what I supposed was the street bell, and the shrieking of women up stairs; which, together with the storm that still rattled as furiously as ever, made up such a chorus of horrible sounds as I had never heard before—no, not even at the execution of the de-throned tyrant, M'Goggin.

In the midst of the hubbub, the young lady, the heroine of the night, suddenly appeared before me, pale with affright and excitement, yet with something of resolution marked on her beautiful visage. She entered the room, closed the door, and stepping hastily to where I lay, looked me intently in the face, and then muttered, in tones slightly distinguished by a foreign accent, and low and tremulous, yet expressive of the energy of passion—"You are a robber, a house breaker, and a villain; but you have saved me—*Dios mio!* I know not from what!—You shall escape."

With these words, she tore the handkerchiefs from my hands and feet, and throwing open a window that seemed to look into a garden, bade me leap

through it and begone; an injunction in which I was extremely willing to obey her, being as eager, in fact, to get out of the horrible scrape I was in, as ever was mouse to fly his narrow prison of wire. Nevertheless, I could not leave such a beautiful creature, without some attempt at retrieving my character in her opinion. "I am no robber, no villain," I said, "but a miserable dupe of—" I would have added, "the villain, Captain Brown and my own egregious folly;" but she interrupted me impatiently, waving with one hand to the window, and with the other pointing warningly to the door of the room, at which I heard, or fancied I heard, the steps and voices of men, coming to make sure of me. "Begone," she muttered; "and, if you are honest, God will go with you."

I leaped, as commanded, my heart full of gratitude, my head again teeming with romantic notions, which not even the peril of my situation could prevent returning, at this second encounter with the lovely Spaniard; for such, by her exclamation, *Dios mio*, I knew she must be.

But what peril could not do in the way of curing me of my sentiment, a very trivial mischance soon did; for, dropping from the window, which was some six or seven feet from the ground, I had the misfortune to plump into a rain-hogshead, then brim-full; that is, I plumped into it with one leg, bestriding it as a dragoon his war-horse; and the vessel being unsettled by the jar, toppled over with me to the ground with a violence that must have done much damage to my exterior leg, had not the fury of the deluge it immediately shot over me, washed me, as I may say, clean out of it, before I had reached the ground.

The worst consequence of this misadventure was

my being now, for the second time, drenched to the skin; but this I did not long lament, as it was raining as furiously as ever, and I perceived, I must, at all events, have been, in a few moments, as thoroughly soaked as ever. I had no time to lose in bewailing my misfortunes; and therefore thought of nothing so much as making my escape from Mr. Bloodmoney's garden; which I effected by climbing a gate, and dropping into a little alley, whence I made my way into a street.

Here I was in some danger of falling into the hands of a watchman, who was running along towards Mr. Bloodmoney's house, as I supposed, making a terrible din with his rattle; but I avoided him by slipping behind a corner, till he had passed; after which, I took to my heels, and ran, I knew not well whither, until I found myself out of breath, and in the suburbs of the city.

This discovery, or rather the latter part of it, was the more agreeable, as I was now heartily sick of the City of Brotherly Love; which, after such a feat of burglary, however innocent my own part in it, did not seem the safest place in the world for me to remain in. I pursued my way, therefore, without so much caring whither it might lead me, as desiring it should bear me as far as possible from Philadelphia; and was, in half an hour more, outside of the town, waddling along (for I cannot call it walking) through a long puddle of fluid brick-clay, knee-deep at least, which, I afterwards ascertained, was one of the principal highways from Philadelphia to the South.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Hegira continued, with some philosophical reflections in the boot of a coach.

ALONG this excellent and highly agreeable road, miring at every step, buffeted by the winds, without my hat, (which, with my knapsack, I had left in Mr. Bloodmoney's drawing-room,) I journeyed onward with all the speed I could, being more and more frightened, the more I thought of it, at the terrible quandary into which I had now fallen.

To be so egregiously duped, as I had been, by Captain Brown, was mortifying enough to my self love, as proving that, with all my vanity and conceit, I was but a schoolboy in the world after all; but to be duped into a burglary, to be rendered, or made to appear, the actual accomplice of a robber in a felony the most audacious ever attempted:—*there* was the rub, there was the rock upon which I found my bark of adventure was in danger of going to pieces. How I was to extricate myself from this dilemma, by my own unaided exertions, unless by flight, I knew not. That I could sooner or later, indeed, establish my innocence, through the means of my patron, I did not doubt; but I had seen enough of Mr. Bloodmoney, and the opinion he had formed of me, to know that any attempt to explain the circumstance to him, without the assistance of the letter of which Captain

Brown had deprived me, could result in nothing but my being immediately consigned, like any common rogue, to a prison; whence—not to speak of the ignominy of such confinement—I had good reason to expect to be discharged only into the hands of a New Jersey police officer, duly commissioned to conduct me back to the scene of the M'Goggin adventure, and perhaps the gallows;—a thought that set my teeth to chattering worse than even the wet and cold did, and gave a vigour to my feet that was the more necessary, as without some such stirring impulse to urge me on, I should never have been able to make any progress through the mud, and against the storm. Upon the whole, it appeared to me, that my only hope of safety, the only course that was left me, was to get out of the reach of Mr. Bloodmoney and the prisons of Philadelphia, as soon as possible; and, this having been effected, to write to my patron, informing him of all my mishaps, of the last in particular, leaving it to him to make my peace, and restore my credit, with Mr. Bloodmoney.

While I was debating this matter in my mind, it was my fortune to be overtaken by a mail-coach, (for such it proved,) that had just left the city, and was floundering through the mud like myself, though at a rate of travel somewhat more rapid than my own. Whither it was going I had not the remotest idea; nevertheless, being heartily sick of trudging in the mire and rain, I felt disposed to hail the driver, and demand a seat; and I should have done so had I not been afraid of finding in it some villainous constable, watchman, or agent of Mr. Bloodmoney, sent in pursuit of me. But as I perceived behind it a very capacious boot, that seemed, from the flapping of its leather covering, to be quite empty, and was capable of affording me both car-



riage and shelter from the storm, I could not resist the temptation to clamber into it; which I did, unseen by the driver, and there esconced myself, defended somewhat from the rain by the leather covering, which I buckled around me as well as I could.

In this position, lugged along like the lion of a travelling caravan in his cage, or a duck in a coop, (which may be the better simile,) I had ample leisure to reflect upon my extraordinary ill luck in getting into difficulties, whether I would or not, and to devise some plan of avoiding them for the future. And, I have no doubt, I thought many very sensible thoughts, and framed many wise resolutions while thus cooped up in my little prison; from which, however, I derived the less profit, as there was never a thought entered my head, or a determination formed in my mind, that it was not, a moment after, beaten out of my recollection, by some sudden plump of the coach into a mud-hole, or furious jolt over a stone, by which I was either frightened or bruised out of my philosophy.

I remember, however, that, having pondered my affair with the pseudo Mr. Bloodmoney, *alias* Captain Hellcat, over and over again, and satisfied myself that my being duped was more owing to my own simple credulity, than to any peculiar skill in hoaxing on the part of that honest personage, I manfully resolved never again to be duped by mortal man; to prevent which, nothing more appeared to me necessary than to act upon a maxim of great vogue among philosophers, and to consider every man a rogue, until he should prove himself honest, and so remain on the alert against knavery and deception.

This resolution I was the better able to fix in my

memory, as at the time of framing it, the coach suddenly emerged from mud and stones and rolled softly along a bed of plank and timber; which moving my curiosity, I peeped out, and found we were upon a low floating bridge, crossing a river. This, I supposed, was the Schuylkill, as, in fact, it was; and hence, as I knew this river ran west of Philadelphia, I inferred the coach was taking me exactly the way I wished to go—that is, from Philadelphia, and not back into New Jersey, and perhaps even southward, towards the Chesapeake, whither, of all the places in the world, I now desired most to go, in the hope of meeting my friend Dicky Dare; under whose command and protection I was resolved to place myself, and so fight the enemies of my country on dry land.

These thoughts were highly agreeable and consolatory, and banished half the fears and distresses from my mind; so that, by and by, in spite of the jolts, I fell fast asleep, being pretty well worn out by the watchings and labours of the night, not to speak of my insufficient slumbers in the woods in New Jersey, the preceding night. I dreamed that I had stumbled on my friend Dicky Dare, who was a great general at the head of an army, and I his second in command; that we went into battle with an army of red-coats, whom we put to rout, performing prodigies of valour—I, in particular, cutting off so many heads that I quite eclipsed my friend Dicky, as well as all the other great heroes, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, &c., that ever lived, so that the soldiers were in a rapture, assembling on the field of victory to crown me king over them; a consummation of triumph that made me feel very glorious, but which I should have been still better pleased with, had it not been for a sudden jolt of the coach, (that was, at

that moment, fording a brook, swollen by the rain,) whereby I was tossed out of my perch, plumped head over heels in the flood, and well nigh drowned, before I knew what was the matter with me. By dint of much effort and scrambling, however, I made my way, at length, to the bank, without loss or damage, which I was the better able to do, as the day was now beginning to break, and the storm to clear away; and having devoted a moment or two to lamenting my unlucky fate in meeting so many uncomfortable accidents, I resolved to make my misfortune the means of helping me to a seat in the coach; which I had, for some time, suspected, from not having heard any voices in it, was without passengers; as, indeed, proved true.

My resolution to treat, for the future, every person I met as a rogue, until he should prove himself an honest man, involved also a determination to act like a rogue myself:—that is, to quibble, cozen, and deceive, as far as was necessary to keep me out of trouble. For this reason, being conscious that I made but a strange and sorry appearance in my reeking clothes, and that an application for a seat in the coach, in such a place, and at such an hour, and coming from such a figure, must look somewhat suspicious, I told the driver, whom I was obliged to wake out of a nap he was snugly taking on his seat, first, “that he had certainly set out that morning earlier than usual,” (meaning to insinuate that I had intended to enter the coach in the city, and had been compelled to walk after it, to overtake it,) and, secondly, “that I had had the misfortune, to get out of my depth, in crossing the brook, and thereby to lose my hat and bundle”; “all which,” the honest man declared, rubbing his eyes with great zeal, “was like enough, considering the weather:” though which

- he meant was like enough, considering the weather, the early start of the coach, or my dip in the brook, I did not trouble myself to inquire.

I found, as I expected, that the coach was entirely empty, so that I was relieved of all fear of uncomfortable companions; and the driver told me we should soon arrive at a village to breakfast, where I might easily get a hat and such clothes as I desired; provided, as he took care to add, looking at me as if he had some apprehensions for his fare, I had the money to buy them. I easily satisfied him on this score, and we, by and by, reached the village; where I procured a cap, and a valise, with a few pieces of linen to put in it, being all the ready made articles of clothing, except cowskin boots, quaker hats, and a rejected coat made for a Daniel Lambert, that were for sale in the village. But for this I cared the less, as I imagined I should soon be a volunteer under some gallant commander, who would, doubtless, fit me out in a handsome uniform at the expense of the government, and thereby enable me to keep my money for more pressing occasions.

I found out, also, after a little roundabout manoeuvring—for it would not do to avow ignorance on so important a point—that the coach was bound to Wilmington, in Delaware; a discovery that greatly rejoiced me, that town being on the direct road to the Chesapeake, whither I was now so desirous to go. And at that town—not to waste time in describing a journey, that was without adventure—we did not arrive until after nightfall, in consequence of the badness of the road and the horses, together with, I believe, some fears the coachman had of driving into the midst of a British army; which, from a thousand flying rumours that now met us at every roll of the wheels, we supposed had landed on the

Chesapeake, and almost feared had already taken possession of Wilmington.

We found, however, no British there, but great talk about them, with a prodigious deal of drumming and fifeing, shouting and swearing, and riding up and down; for it seems, they had received news of the enemy having actually landed in great force at the head of Elk, or some other water of the Chesapeake, not more than twenty or thirty miles off, and were in consequence beating up with great spirit, for volunteers to proceed forthwith to the scene of danger.

This news, though it seemed to have disconcerted every body else, was by no means disagreeable to me; who, besides perceiving that my greatest security from all law officers would be found amid the din and terrors of a camp, was beginning to warm with patriotism and martial ardour. I resolved, if any band of volunteers or other armed men, should set out in the night, I would go with them; in which thought, I entered the hotel where the coach stopped, to get my supper, together with such useful information as I might be able to pick up.

As for my supper, I was ushered into a room where stood a table bountifully furnished with the good gifts of nature, but so thronged with guests, all older and wiser than myself, and all so much better skilled in the art of storming bread and butter, and dividing the spoils of the platter, that I had much ado to lay hands upon a morsel of food. As for information, the case appeared still more desperate; for though every man present seemed as martially inclined as I, (indeed, the conversation ran on nothing but blood and battle,) and perfectly well disposed to hold forth on the subject that engrossed all minds to any one at all inclined to listen, I could obtain no information

of one man that was not immediately contradicted by the next person to whom I addressed myself. In short, there was nothing to be learned but that the British had landed, or were about to land, somewhere at the head of the Chesapeake, and that sundry companies of militia and volunteers either had set out, or were on the point of setting out, with the full intention of sweeping these audacious invaders from the face of the earth.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Robin Day incurs a great danger, and surrenders to his unrelenting pursuer, John Dabs; but calls his wisdom to his assistance, and performs a wonderful feat of dexterity.

THE patriotic spirit manifested by all the company greatly increased the fervor of my own; so that having completed my supper, I resolved at once to seek out, with mine host's assistance, some one of the many bands preparing to march to the field of honor, and enrol myself among them. I left the supper table, and proceeded to the bar-room, where I was in the act of receiving the advice I wanted, when a new comer brushed me aside, and engaged the innkeeper's attention by eagerly demanding, "if there was not in his house a young fellow that had arrived by the city stage, and"—

But I did not remain to hear any thing further. The first words struck me with a panic, which was vastly increased by a look at the stranger's face, in which I immediately recognised the well known lineaments of a certain John Dabs, a constable of our town, and famous for his energy and success in hunting up transgressors and fugitives from the law, whenever there was any thing to be gained by it. I immediately made a demonstration towards the door; but John Dabs whose eyes were as busy as his tongue and speedily detected the movement, was too quick for me.

"I've got you, by jingo!" cried John Dabs, taking me by the shoulder, and grinning with triumph, while I almost fainted with terror and despair. In an instant, we were surrounded by curious spectators some demanding "what I had done," while others disdained inquiry, swearing, one that I was "a runaway prisoner of war;" another "that I had stolen a horse, he knew by the look of me;" a third that I was "a kidnapper, a Georgeye nigger-stealer," and so on; so that I soon began to believe myself guilty of all the crimes that had ever been committed.

In this emergency, Mr. John Dabs, to my extreme surprise, and somewhat also to my gratification, as relieving me from exposure and the disgrace of the moment, declared "I was no criminal, but a young gentleman what had run away from his friends, who had employed *him*, John Dabs, to carry me back to them; and that he was very glad to find me, as I was a young gentleman what did'nt know the world, and my friends was all in a peck of troubles because of me." With which explanation, that appeared very satisfactory to all the company, Mr. John Dabs asked, with an appearance almost of civility and respect, to have a little private talk with me; a proposal to which I, of course, very courteously acceded, and accompanied him to a private room, with hangdog looks I doubt not, but busily plotting a thousand plans of escape from his inexorable clutches.

The moment we had got by ourselves, Mr. Dabs began to indulge in sundry encomiastic gratulations on his success in finding me out, then laughed immoderately at the alarm I had betrayed, when seized by him, asking me "if I did not think I was certainly to be carried to the gallows?" and ended by assuring me I had nothing to fear in that way, or any other; for why? Mr. M'Goggin was neither dead



nor dying, and none the worse for his broken head—"when was an Irishman ever?" said John Dabs, the constable; "no, he was out of danger, on his feet, as well as ever he was, and had been bought off by my benefactor, Dr. Howard, not to appear against me, and sent away by the trustees, who were resolved to have no more barbarian teachers. Upon this happy result, he declared, Dr. Howard had come to a determination to have me back again—for why? he was afraid the sea would be the ruin of me; and had sent for him, John Dabs, to hunt me up and bring me back, offering a handsome reward if he should find me; whereupon he, the said John Dabs, had followed me to Philadelphia, inquired for me in vain of Mr. Bloodmoney, lost all track of me, but stumbled upon that of my friend General Dare, who had, the day before, left Philadelphia by the Wilmington road, and with whom he doubted not he should find me; and, accordingly, taking the road on his own horse, and making inquiries at every stopping place, he had at last heard of me in the stage, ("sly dog," said John Dabs, "not to enter it in Philadelphia!") and so lined me straight to the tavern, where he had me as dead as a herring, as well as his hundred dollars from the doctor, and something handsome from me, as he expected, for bringing me such happy intelligence.

But this happy intelligence, which the reader may suppose, filled me with joy and transport, did not by any means produce the agreeable effect that Mr. John Dabs anticipated. I had not yet forgotten the events of the preceding night, with my reflections thereon, and especially the resolution I had so lately framed not to be made a dupe a second time by mortal man. I saw very clearly that Mr. John Dabs was a very cunning personage, an experienced thief-

taker, who very well knew how to manage a prisoner with the least trouble to himself, by flattering away his fears, and lulling him into a false security. In short, I did not believe a word of his story, being convinced, in my own secret heart, that it was a villainous fabrication from beginning to end, devised for the purpose of deluding me back to New Jersey, or to the nearest prison, like a lamb to the butcher, unsuspecting of evil, nay, dreaming, like that woolly representative of innocence and simplicity, only of green leas and enamelled meadows, while capering onwards to the slaughter-house. "No, no, Mr. John Dabs," thought I to myself, "you'll not catch me napping so easy."

Perceiving, therefore, Mr. Dabs' true drift, I was by no means enraptured at the account he gave me; though, after a moment's consideration, I feigned to be. It occurred to me, moreover, that while Mr. John Dabs was so busy cajoling me, I might profit somewhat by playing the same game with him. So long as he should think it proper to have me believe I was not his prisoner, it was manifestly necessary he should act the character rather of a friendly emissary than a jailer, avoiding, as far as possible, the appearance of constraining, or watching, my motions; and, it was equally clear, that he would allow me a longer tether, the more he was satisfied I was the unsuspecting dupe of his cunning. I was resolved to have him think I entertained no doubt of his story whatever.

Acting upon this resolution, I told him I was very glad to see him, and asked, with feigned composure, the news from our town, and above all, how my patron did, how Don Pedro, and how—sinner that I was that I could not name her whom I should have most desired to hear about—how every body else?

"Oh," said Mr. John Dabs, "all well enough, except the Doctor and his daughter, Nannie;" (so the scoundrel called her:) "both of whom is quite killed up about you—if they ain't I'm blowed—the poor gal in partickilar; and they *do* say," continued the villain, with an air of the most sympathetic condolence—"it's all on account of her true love for you; and old Mammy Jones, the baker's wife told my wife Sue, 'she reckoned she'd die, poor soul, for grieving after you,' and she reckoned that was the reason the Doctor was so mad to have you back again."

I was so much affected at the mere thought of Nanna being sick, that it was not until a moment or two I remembered this was but an additional falsehood contrived by Mr. Constable Dabs to help him in his business of getting me safely back to New Jersey; but when I *did* remember it, I was so much incensed at the freedom with which he had spoken of her, that I longed to knock him over the head with the chair, from which his cruel fiction had startled me. I recovered myself, however, in an instant, told him "care killed a cat," (for which sagacious observation I know not how to account for my using on such an occasion, unless it was that I modestly wished to deprecate the idea of any body dying for me,) and then proposed to show my gratitude for the good news he had brought me by treating him to a bottle of wine, the best the inn could afford.

"With all my heart," quoth John Dabs, "but, considering the hard ride I've had over this cruel bad road, I don't care if you call it a quart of brandy toddy." On my agreeing to which, Mr. Dabs got up to ring the bell for a servant; an operation that he repeated thrice over without the least effect, the house being in such a hubbub of confusion that it

is doubtful whether any sound would have been noticed, short of a flourish of British trumpets, or the sudden cannonade of besiegers.

Seeing this, I was resolved to try my hand at a stratagem; and complaining suddenly of feeling sick and faint, at which Mr. Dabs expressed as much concern as if he was not engaged in the very act of leading me to the gallows, I begged he would do me the favour, as no servants appeared likely to answer the bell, to step to the bar-room and order the brandy toddy in person, together with a little peppermint and sugar, which I had no doubt would soon render me able to join him in discussing the better beverage.

To this Mr. Dabs assented with the most benevolent readiness, and immediately, to my inexpressible satisfaction, and almost wonder, (for I could hardly believe the duper would allow himself to be duped so easily,) left the room, and went down stairs, assuring me he would be back before I could say Jack Robinson.

It is highly probable he kept his promise; but I did not remain to verify that important particular. The moment Mr. John Dabs's figure vanished from the door, that very moment my own slipped softly out of the window, taking a leap of some twelve or fourteen feet, for the window was at least so high above the street, of which, under other circumstances, I should not have been at all ambitious to make trial. But I was leaping for freedom, for life; it was my only chance of escaping the halter, which my rencontre with Mr. Dabs had conjured up before my imagination, the noose already yawning for my neck. Nor did I receive any injury from the fall, except jarring my legs a little; though even this was an evil that passed off, and was forgotten, in a moment.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

How it appeared that Robin Day had no such great cause to plume himself on his adroitness.

HAVING reached the ground, and fortunately, without being seen by any one, notwithstanding that the street was full of people, I stole out of the town, taking a course, indicated by the north-star, (the night being extremely bright and beautiful,) which I knew from having, before supper, consulted a large map that hung in the bar-room, led to the nearest waters of the Chesapeake. The moment I found myself clear of the crowd and the town, and, as I could not doubt, upon the proper road, I quickened my pace, or rather, I ran as fast as I could, determined to leave no effort untried to put myself out of the danger of pursuit by Mr. John Daba. What he had told me of my friend Dicky Dare leaving Philadelphia by the Wilmington road the preceding day, convinced me I could not be far behind my martial companion in misfortune; whom I was quite certain I should find in company with the first soldiers I might overtake on the road; and some gallant band or other, I doubted not, I should stumble upon before morning, provided I employed due diligence in my nocturnal march. Of this diligence I felt very capable, notwithstanding my having had so little sleep—I might

almost say, no sleep at all for so many nights in succession. With Mr. John Dabs so close behind me, I felt, and knew I should continue to feel, no inclination to lose a moment in rest and inaction; for, though I had outwitted that worthy personage once, I thought it highly improbable I should ever, if again in his hands, have an opportunity to do so a second time.

The consciousness, however, of having out-generalled this crafty individual, beaten him, an experienced and veteran warrior, at his own weapons, was I may say, one of the many stimulants I had to nerve me on to new and more manly exertions. The reflection of my victory over him was, first, satisfactory, as having released me from the meshes of the law; but it was a subject of equal, if not greater exultation, as an evidence of my own wisdom and address. I began to feel that my morning resolution had completed my education, and carried me over the last barrier between youth and manhood. "Yes," said I to myself, swelling with a sense of dignity, a consciousness of resource and importance I had not before felt, "he who can outwit John Dabs the constable, need not fear a conflict with any man. Treat every man as a rogue until he proves himself honest, and one will be sure to escape roguery!"

The only unhappiness in this case, as I may here state, though it was a long time before I discovered it, was, that besides duping Mr. John Dabs so handsomely, I had duped another individual much more egregiously; and that individual was—myself. Mr. John Dabs had, after all, told me nothing but the truth. Instead of being sent after me, to arrest and bear me back to prison, he was, in reality, what he had professed, an emissary employed by my patron to

bear me the good news of M'Goggin's recovery, and conduct me home; for, it seems, upon learning my friend Dicky Dare had also fled, and with a design to play the soldier, he shrewdly suspected Dicky would decoy me into the same enterprise, and that something more was necessary to my restoration than a mere message of recall addressed to Mr. Bloodmoney; to whom it might admit of a question whether, under such circumstances, I would report myself. It was, perhaps, unlucky that the ambassador had been selected from among the constabulary; but I am not certain I should not have been struck with quite as much terror at the appearance of a private messenger, any person, in truth, coming from our town, and played him the same trick I had practised on honest John Dabs.

And thus it happened, that my first exercise of newborn wisdom was entirely at my own expense; which is, I believe, the usual way in which it is exercised; wisdom being a kind of edge-tool, where-with young philosophers are more apt to cut their own fingers than to employ it to a profitable purpose. Had I been less sagacious, less bent upon guarding myself from the rogueries of my species, I should have saved myself a deal of trouble and adventure, of affliction and peril, which I was now destined to encounter. But I should have also lost the opportunity of seeing the world and gaining my experience in the shortest possible time, as well as of arriving at certain discoveries of no little consequence and influence over my future fortunes.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Robin Day, after sundry alarming adventures, finds himself at last a volunteer, and on the eve of going into battle.

I TRAVELLED with great diligence all the night, inspired in part by the fear of being pursued by the truculent John Dabs, and in part by the hope of overtaking some gallant band of patriots encamped on the road, with perhaps General Dicky Dare among them. In this hope I was destined to be gratified, though, as it proved, not precisely in manner and form as I had fondly anticipated.

I had trudged along, perhaps, three or four hours, passing through one or two villages, in each of which my presence created a terrible confusion, first, by alarming all the dogs, and thereby their masters; all of whom, I believe in my conscience, attributed the sudden uproar to an assault by Admiral Cockburn and all his vagabond banditti; when it was my fortune to reach another little rural town, upon the skirts of which, it happened, a band of volunteers had made their camp around a huge watchfire; where they were snoozing away the night, dreaming of conquest and glory. A sentinel, for my sins, had been stationed upon the road by which I advanced; who, being waked out of some vision of blood and battle by the sound of my footsteps, was seized with a direful panic, and roaring



out, "The British! the British!" let fly at me with his musket; and then took to his heels, alarming his comrades; who sprang from their beds, and fled with equal speed and spirit, each firing off his piece, like the sentinel, though for what purpose, unless in hopes to do some chance execution on the assailing foe, I never could divine.

I am sorry to say, this very unexpected reception produced a somewhat unheroic perturbation in my own spirits; so that I was suddenly seized with the apprehension—notwithstanding that the soldier's cries very plainly declared the contrary—that I had stumbled upon a party of invaders, instead of Americans; an idea that prevailed upon me to such an effect, that I began to run away as furiously as they; and to be the more certain of getting out of danger, I sprang from the road into the fields, and thence ran into a wood; where I was soon as thoroughly amazed and bewildered as if buried in the depths of a Western wilderness.

Having wandered about in this bosky refuge for several hours, reflecting upon the adventure, I became, at length, convinced I had made a mistake, in supposing myself among the British; and, being heartily sick of the woods, as well as excessively fatigued, I resolved to extricate myself as fast as I could, look up some farm-house, and beg shelter and a bed for the remainder of the night.

From the wood I succeeded in escaping, and a farm-house I was lucky enough to find; but there ended my good fortune; for besides being direfully barked at by dogs, that seemed only waiting their master's orders to tear me to pieces, I had no sooner come within pistol-shot of the house than up flew the windows, and out came the contents of some six or seven muskets, fired at me by as many heroic in-

mates; whom I could hear calling to one another, in an ecstasy of patriotic fury, to "defend the house to the last extremity." This dreadful volley was followed by an immediate charge of the dogs, by whom I was driven, with loss, from the field, and compelled to ascend a tree; where, though out of reach of the animals, who kept up a dismal barking below, I was in momentary expectation of dying the death of a *tree'd* bear—that is, of being followed, and shot down, by some of those ardent worthies, the defenders of the house.

To prevent a catastrophe so imminent, I fell to work with my penknife, the only weapon in my possession, and cut me off a huge bough from the tree; with which I descended, nerved to desperation, among my canine besiegers; and, charging them with great intrepidity, knocking one over the head, and breaking the leg of a second, besides dealing a world of lesser injuries around, I had the good fortune to put them entirely to rout, and thus secure an undisturbed retreat.

I had now little difficulty in making my way to a highroad, though without being able to say whether or not it was the one I had left, when repulsed from the village. To add to my difficulties the sky became now so overcast with clouds, that I could no longer determine the points of the compass, and knew not in which direction I ought to proceed. My adventures in the village and at the farm-house had not cooled my desire to reach the scene of action on the Chesapeake; indeed, I had no other resource; and the hopes of finding my friend Dicky Dare, without whose advice and assistance I felt it next to impossible to tread aright the dangerous paths of glory, were enough of themselves to urge me on. But how to proceed was now the question; to solve

which I took a seat upon a stump at the roadside; where, at the first effort to call up my thoughts, being inexpressibly worn and wearied, I fell sound asleep.

The two previous nights, as I have already mentioned, were passed almost wholly without sleep; and the present made, as I may say, the third in which I had not closed my eyes; for, I believe, it was well nigh dawn when I dropped asleep. Sound, dead, and long, therefore, were my slumbers; and it was not until many hours after the sun had risen that I again opened my eyes, and rose from the sod, whereon (for I had rolled, in my sleep, off the stump,) I certainly enjoyed as pleasant a nap as I had ever known in my life.

I was wakened by sounds the most agreeable, at that time, that could fall upon my ears; they were bursts of military music, the roll of a distant drum, that accompanied a fife, breathing out the spirit-stirring notes of Yankee Doodle.

"Bravo!" said I, kindling with joy and enthusiasm; "I shall now be a volunteer; and Mr. John Dabs, and cowardly villagers, and barking dogs, and their crazy masters, may all go to the ——" it is no matter to whom.

I followed the sounds; and, by and by, I caught sight of the martial band from which they proceeded, consisting of no more than ten or twelve persons in all, whose odd appearance and equipments, struck me with amazement. Their dresses were by no means military, no two being decked precisely alike; some had long coats, some jackets, and some neither jacket nor coat; but most of them had scarfs, or what were meant for scarfs, of all imaginable hues, red, yellow, green, blue—tied about their loins, and a few had even additional ones wrapped round their hats. Their arms were as various as their accoutre-

ments—each man having a hanger at his side, and a belt stuck full of pistols, besides guns; of which there seemed a plentiful variety, some marching with one on each shoulder, like so many Robinson Crusoes. As for their march I never saw any thing so disorderly, every man stalking along as best pleased himself, and all swearing, talking, whistling, singing in a manner wonderful to observe. Their officers—and I almost doubted, at first, whether they had any—seemed to be but two in number, and were distinguishable only by being more obstreperous than their followers; at least, the man who marched at their head swore with a louder voice and greater volubility than any one else; except a second worthy personage, who carried a banner of a very odd appearance, which, indeed, afterwards found was an old red flannel petticoat, and seemed to aim at rivalry in profanity with the other.

I immediately saw, or thought I saw, that this, instead of being a band of regular soldiers, or disciplined volunteers, was a company of mere militiamen got together in a hurry, and stuffed with Dutch courage for the occasion, having quaffed, along with the gallantry that swims in the bottle, a deal of the folly and perverseness that lie at the bottom. This was a great disappointment to me, as I should have preferred to unite my fate with some company of soldiers in handsome uniform; but I thought it was not much matter with what corps I began my campaign, seeing I should soon, as I hoped, transfer my services to another—to that, whichever it might be, honoured by the presence of my friend Dickey Dare.

Having solaced myself with this reflection, I advanced towards the warriors; who, at sight of me, began to make some demonstrations of hostility, such as it had been my luck already twice to meet,

during the last eight hours; that is, they drew, some of them, their swords and pistols, while others leveled their guns, as if about to blow or hew me to atoms; a catastrophe that was averted partly by their commander d—g their eyes for being so ready to fight without his orders, (which reproof, by the way, was immediately echoed, in the same tones, by the knight of the petticoat,) and partly by myself calling out, with great energy, that I was a friend.

“Friend be d—d—that is—friend, advance;” quoth the commander; an injunction which I immediately obeyed, though with somewhat of fear and trembling.

And now I observed, as I drew nigh, that my redoubtable warriors, who were three-fourths of them, at least, in a very soldierly condition, and the other fourth hastening to become so by frequent and open application to sundry gourds, canteens, and black bottles, that were circulating among them, had taken as good care of the main chance in the second particular as the first, being quite as well provided with meat as with liquor. There was scarce a man of them that had not in his hand, or upon his back, something wherewithal to meet the exigencies of hunger; some bore fowls, some little pigs, some sheep, and one tall fellow was staggering under a hind-quarter of beef, that looked like a gate of Gaza on his shoulders. Even the magnificent captain himself was as well burthened as any of his men, having a garland of young chickens hung round his neck, and a bundle of screaming guinea-fowls hanging from his sash—which sash, by the way, bore to my eyes a prodigious resemblance to a woman’s shawl, or some other article of female apparel. And, indeed, the same might be said of the brilliant girdles and

hatbands that adorned the persons of the others, who seemed to me to have borrowed largely of their wives and daughters, to complete their equipments.

The captain received me with a stare of mingled wrath and solemnity, and demanded, with a dreadful hickup, and still more dreadful oath, "who I was."

"Sir," said I, with as much dignity as I could assume, though somewhat confounded at the strange reception—"my name is Robin Day; and I have come to volunteer my humble assistance in this glorious service."

"Glorious, by G—!" cried the commander; "never was on such a chicken-eating campaign in my life; chickens to fight, and chickens to eat—and oxen and assen, and piggen and sheepen, and—But, curse me, there's no time for gabble. Well, sir, d—n my eyes, consider yourself a prisoner of war."

"A prisoner, sir!" said I, amazed; "I come to volunteer."

"Oh, ay! you do?" quoth the officer, recollecting himself. "Well then,"—here he flung a bundle of chickens on my shoulders—"hang on to the roosters and fall in."

"Sir," said I, hastily, "if you will give me a sword and a musket, I should much prefer—"

"Oh, you would, would you?" cried the captain, turning, with a hickup, to his men:—"Here, you Black Jack, or Tom Spike, or some of you, d—n my eyes, han't you a reefer's toothpick, or a barking iron, or some such bloody piece of business, for the young un?"—

"Just the thing to sarve him, my eyes!" cried a one-eyed sailor-looking fellow, clapping on my shoulder a gun some eight or ten feet long, a huge ducking piece, such as I had heard fowlers used, but

without dreaming it was ever so horribly big and heavy. "Just the thing to a ropeyarn," said the one-eyed man, grinning as I embraced, with no good will, the gigantic weapon, nearly twice as long as myself;—"could'nt fit better, my eyes! if you'd been measured for it by the tailor."

"Hold your jaw, Sam Slack," quoth the captain, eyeing me with such an approving look of drunken gravity that I felt tempted to beg permission to exchange my unwieldy weapon for another of more appropriate size, as also to hint a dignified desire to get rid of the chickens; a request that was, however, prevented by the martialist exclaiming, "I likes them that's gentlemen, and has the game in them. —But, I say, shipmate, hang on to the roosters!" Then turning to his followers, he gave the word of command to resume the march—"Attention! Starboard your helm;—right about wheel—march.—Strike up, music; let's have a little more of Yankee Doodle."

With that, the music struck up, my gallant captain waddled forward, his Falstaff regiment followed at his heels, and I, who had been assigned no particular place, and therefore marched, as I stood, at the commander's side, trudged along in equal time, wondering much at my brothers in arms, and perhaps quite as much at myself for having taken service with them.

It struck me, that these gallant personages, from the captain down, had much more of a nautical than military character about them, their dress and speech alike smacking of salt water. But this did not appear very surprising, considering the country where we were, the shores of a vast navigable bay or arm of the sea; and, besides, the ravages of the enemy, it might be supposed, had driven on shore the crews

of all the bay vessels, who would very naturally band together to resist his further encroaches on the land. I must confess, however, I was greatly perplexed by many odd expressions that fell from these amphibious heroes; whose destination, as well as other interesting particulars in relation to them, I became very desirous to learn, and addressed myself to the commander accordingly. The answer I got was a command to "hold my peace and hang on to the roosters," accompanied with a look of authority I durst not dispute.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Robin Day's first battle; with a surprising discovery which he makes in the midst of it.

So I held my peace, and the chickens, assumed a bold military step, and marched onwards with my new comrades, until a turn of the road brought us suddenly in view of a broad river, and a village of some ten or a dozen houses standing on its banks. Among these, we could perceive the glimmer of arms and military uniforms, and a banner waving in the wind over the heads of a company of soldiers, drawn up on the borders of the river, evidently to receive a fleet of armed boats that was seen, at no great distance, ascending the tide with all the force of oars. At the same time, I perceived five or six companies similar to our own, but most of them more numerous, and some of them of a much more orderly and soldier-like appearance, marching from different points, over the fields, towards the village, one of which immediately effected a junction with us, its conductor, of superior rank to our own leader, assuming the command over us, and uniting us to his own company. He signalled his authority by d—ning his subordinate's eyes, and telling him he was drunk; by pronouncing the company a set of lubbers and horse-marines; by thwacking the knight of the petticoat over the back with the flat of his

sword for calling him *Swabs*, and offering him, with drunken generosity, a sop from a black bottle which he produced; and finally, turning to me, he demanded very magisterially, "who I was, and what the devil I was doing with my long nine," (meaning the duck gun,) "at the head of the company, marching like a bullfrog under a bean-pole?"

I replied, as I had done before, that "I was a volunteer;" at which he looked surprised, and was about to ask me further questions; when the sudden report of a musket from the village, answered by a lusty hurrah from the boats, and from some of the companies on shore, put other matters into his mind; and he hastily exclaimed, addressing especially my disorderly brothers-in-arms, "Now, you drunken blackguards, fight like bulldogs, or I'll marry you to the gunner's daughter, every man of you. There's the enemy in the town, already banging at us, d'ye see; and there are the boats, trying to overhaul the raggamuffins before us, d'ye see; give way—quick step; make ready for a broadside, and carry the ship by boarding."

With these words, he drew his sword, and putting himself at our head, led the way gallantly towards the town; in which example he was imitated by the leaders of the other companies, all of them, as I now observed, quickening their march, as if to see which should first reach the field of battle.

The words of my new commander filled me with confusion. I had, all along, supposed we were marching to the town, to reinforce its defenders, and repel the British, then approaching against it in boats. What did my commander mean by calling the village troops "the enemy?" and what did *they* mean by firing—or in his eloquent phraseology—banging at us? for, it seemed, the musket shot had been aimed at us.

As these questions occurred to me, I gave another look to the town, which we were now approaching at charging speed, and perceived that the flag, waving over the heads of its defenders, was starred and striped—that is, an American flag: there was no mistaking that, for our leader called attention to it by crying, “There goes the gridiron—give ’em a sight of the red bunting!” I looked round upon the banner which was immediately displayed over our own heads; and, horror of horrors, it bore the bloody cross of Britain!

Our commander noted my looks of confusion, and exclaimed, with great ire, waving his sword as if about to cut me down, but without relaxing his steps,—“What! you cowardly rascal! is that the way you volunteer to fight the enemies of your king and country? Fight bravely, you dog, or I’ll slice you to pieces!”

“Sir,” said I, in great distress, “I have made a mistake—I have volunteered *on the wrong side!*”—Which was no more than true, as I now clearly perceived, having, in my great hurry to enter upon the glorious life of a patriot soldier, taken service along with a band of marauders—foraging sailors, whom I had mistaken for soldiers, and, worse than all, for American militia-men.

But the error was now irretrievable. Business was waxing thick and hot on my commander’s hands; the enemy—that is, *his* enemy, not mine—were nigh at hand, and shots began to be fired from various quarters; the scent of gunpowder was in his nostrils, and the savour of plunder on his lips; and to my piteous exclamation, “I was on the wrong side,” he deigned no other reply than a hasty “D—n the difference—fight away like a brave fellow;”—adding to my comrades, “Now men, give them a shot, and at ’em like bulldogs!”

Bang—bang went twenty guns about my ears, and I immediately felt myself borne towards the village by a rush of my companions, among whom I was swept, whether I would or not, receiving, every now and then, the prick of a bayonet or cutlass in the back from some hasty brother-in-arms, by which my steps were wonderfully accelerated. In short, I marched into the village; which being speedily cleared of its defenders, though *how* I never knew, being too much frightened to make any observations on the action, was taken possession of, plundered, set in flames, and then immediately evacuated; the victors embarking in the boats with their plunder and my unlucky self, whom the strangeness of the adventure, left still overwhelmed with amazement and terror.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

How, by a second exercise of his new-born wisdom, Robin Day escapes a terrible difficulty. He meets two old friends, and has a controversy with Skipper Duck.

I FOUND myself, as soon as I had collected my wits sufficiently to look around me, crammed into a barge, with as many of my new companions-in-arms, and as much plunder of various kinds, as the boat would hold. At my side was the valiant personage, the supposed captain of militia, to whom I had first offered my patriotic services, and who now wore a tattered handkerchief round his jaws, in token they had received some damage in the action; and in the stern was his superior, our gallant leader, now in command of the boat. Around us, were other boats, forming quite a fleet, all as much crowded and deeply laden as our own, and all rapidly descending the river towards a squadron of armed schooners and shallops, which were seen at anchor some six or seven miles below.

The sight of these vessels—prizes picked up in the bay, and now employed in ravaging its inmost nooks and corners, in which—once embarked in them—I knew not to what further warlike expeditions against my own countrymen I might be led, filled me with desperation; and I immediately desired the commander's attention to my case, by

assuring him, as before, that I had made a mistake, "of which," I told him, "it was my opinion, he could not, as a gentleman, take advantage; and, therefore, I expected he would immediately set me ashore."

"Hah!" cried the commander, "I remember you; fought like a born devil—highly approve of your spirit—did n't think it was in you. But—now I think of it—you are a volunteer, hah? Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Sir," said I, "my name is Robin Day; I am not a volunteer—at least not on your side. I have made a mistake, sir—I am an American."

"The devil you are!" quoth the officer, staring at me with astonishment; while my late leader opened his bandaged jaws to give utterance to a horse-laugh, in which he was joined by all the boat's crew, and to the exclamation, "Here's a Johnny Raw, d—n my eyes!"

"Hold your jaw, Tom Gunner, you drunken jackass;—and you, men, mind your eyes, d—n me!" quoth the commander, irefully. He gave me another stare as full of surprise as the first, re-echoed my confession—"An American!" and then turned to Tom Gunner, to resolve the riddle: "Here, you lubber," he cried, "what means all this? Where did you pick up the younker?"

"'Long shore," said Tom Gunner, with a hiccup; "came a volunteering for his king and country—grabbed roosters like a weasel, and fought the enemy like a tomcat! Says he to me, says he—hiccup—says he to me, 'Captain,' (for, d'ye see, my eyes! he takes me for a commodore:) says he to me, says he—he did, lieutenant, by G—!" And here the worthy speaker came to a stand, admiring at the wonderfulness of my communication; of which, however, he forgot he had not related one word.

"Hark you, Sam Slack," quoth the officer, turning to the one-eyed man, from whom I had received the long nine, "you are the only man of the boat-swain's gang not as drunk as himself:—how did you come by the young fellow?"

"Sir," said I, waxing impatient, "I can tell you that myself, as well—and, indeed, much better than he can. I am an American, as I said before: I came down here to fight the enemies of my country; and happening by accident upon this gentleman and his company,"—"Gentleman!" quoth Tom Gunner, with a nod of humorous wonder, "what the h— will he make of me next, I axes!"—"I say, sir," I continued, "stumbling upon this person and his company, playing Yankee Doodle on a drum and life"—("Picked 'em up in a ditch, where they were dropped by a company of milishy, then under full sail on the lee beam, standing No'th East half East," murmured Mr. Gunner:—"I say, sir, I had the misfortune to be deceived in their character—to take them for a company of American militia-men;"—"Take me for a milishy-man!" quoth Tom Gunner—"my eyes, what will become of me!")—"Upon which, sir, I volunteered my services. Nor did I discover the error, sir, until the moment of going into battle."

"Upon my soul," said the commander, "do you expect me to believe all this cock-and-a-bull story! An American, hah! discovery of error before going into battle, hah! Why, did not I see you, with my own eyes, fight the Americans with the greatest spirit in the world?"

"If I did sir," said I, "it was because I was frightened out of my senses:" at which words, uttered with the earnestness of truth, the lieutenant burst into a laugh, then swore at the men for imita-

ting his example, and ended by asking me, with much gravity—"And so, sir, because you made a mistake—mistaking a company of his Britannic Majesty's naval forces for a gang of ragamuffin American militia, (and, curse me, I don't think, just now, the mistake very unnatural,)—you expect me to put you ashore?"

"Certainly, sir," said I, "you can't, as a gentleman, refuse to do so."

"I'll be hang'd if I can't though," said the officer: "Having once volunteered to take arms in his majesty's service ——"

"But," said I, interrupting him, "I never *did* volunteer to take arms for his majesty: it was in the service of my own country. And sir," I added, with suitable spirit, "I won't consent to be considered a volunteer any longer."

"You won't?" quoth the lieutenant. "Well then, do me the favour to know your place—to hold your tongue, and consider yourself a prisoner of war; for one or the other you are—a volunteer, sir, or a prisoner of war."

A prisoner of war! It needed not the solemn and severe look with which the commander pronounced the word, to fill me with consternation. I had often heard of British prison-ships: my whole life, as I may say, had been passed in view of those waters on which, in the days of the Revolution, these floating Bastilles had acquired their terrible notoriety; and I had known several old soldiers of the War of Independence, who, having been confined in them, had many a dismal tale to tell of the miseries of such captivity. As a prisoner of war, I perceived I must be immediately thrust into some horrible hulk, to roast and freeze, to hunger and thirst, to pine for air, to languish in fetters, to be tyrannised over by all hands,



to be carried over the seas afar from my country and friends—in short, to be the most miserable creature in the world.

To escape this odious fate now became an object which I cast over on my mind with desperate energy and haste; for there was no time to be lost. Once received on board a British ship, a prisoner of war, all, I foresaw, must be over with me; escape would then be hopeless. A brilliant prospect struck my mind, and instantly dispelled the clouds of despair which had been gathering upon it. Received as a volunteer, I should, of course, escape fetters and tyrannical usage; and, what was of much greater consequence, I should be sent ashore with the rest, to burn villages and attack farm yards, or, (which was my way of viewing it,) while my comrades were thus engaged, to give them the slip, and so achieve my liberty. The idea captivated my mind in a moment; and turning to the lieutenant, I hastily assured him, I had changed my mind, and begged he would consider me a volunteer as before, as I was determined to live a life of glory. And upon his expressing a little wonder at my willingness to “fight the Americans, my own countrymen,” I gave him to understand, it was doubtful whether I could claim them as such; it not being at all certain that I was born in the country. Nay, I even informed him of my late adventure with M’Goggin the schoolmaster, to convince him I had the best reasons possible to avoid returning to the Americans.

I am sorry to say, the gentleman did not seem to consider the killing of a schoolmaster any very heinous offence; on the contrary, he was extremely diverted at the affair, swore I was a lad of mettle, and that he would protect me against the universal Yankee nation. Finally, he declared I should be received as a volunteer in his own ship, and, by and

by, recommended to the admiral for a commission; provided I should signalize my courage, at the next excursion on shore, as handsomely as, he declared, I had already done. I discovered I had made a favourable impression upon his mind; and I must say he made as satisfactory an one upon mine, being a good-humoured, pleasant personage, who seemed to take an interest in my affairs, of which he questioned me a good deal, besides laughing heartily at every thing I said.

Our conversation lasted until we reached the fleet of small vessels anchored below; in one of which, a miserable, old, and dirty looking shallop, I was disappointed to find the "ship" into which I was to be received a volunteer, under the immediate command of my new friend. He pointed her out, as we approached, declaring, by way of commendation, she was "the best oysterboat on the bay."

I looked up to her, and rubbed my eyes to dispel a dream that seemed suddenly to have seized upon my mind. Nothing could be more familiar than the appearance of the vessel, which, in a moment, conjured up remembrances that had long slumbered, and, indeed, been for a time entirely lost. Methought I saw before me the notorious Jumping Jenny, that identical vile bark, in which I had passed so many years of childhood and suffering; and to make the illusion more perfect, I beheld, sitting upon the bowsprit, as she swung by her anchor, the figure of a boy, as ragged and uncouth as boy could be, engaged in that very occupation, the last I had been condemned to in the Jumping Jenny—that is to say, plucking a goose, and dropping its feathers idly over the tide. I saw, methought, not merely my *eidolon*, or *alter ego*, but *myself*, such as I had been, five years before; and so strongly did the feel-

ing of identification possess me, that I, for an instant, fairly took to myself, and blushed and trembled at, the jeering notices, which several of our drunken boat's crew took of the hero of the bowsprit as we approached, and found myself involuntarily dodging, in anticipation of the shower of pebbles and oystershells, which, I felt, was necessary to give the last finish of reality to the scene.

A second look, however, showed me that my representative was a much bigger and older boy than I had been, at the epoch of the gander-pulling; and he presently showed that, with all his squalid looks, he was not deficient in a kind of savage spirit, such as I, certainly, had never possessed, nor, indeed, any spirit at all, while under the dominion of Skipper Duck. To the gibes of the sailors he made immediate response, by invoking all kinds of coarse and puerile maledictions on their heads; when, having thus vented his indignation, he fell to work again upon the goose, leaving us to enter the vessel without further scolding.

We jumped, accordingly, aboard, where the appearances of things called up still more vividly the recollections of my own unhappy childhood: I could have sworn I again trod the deck of the Jumping Jenny. And, indeed, I had not been half a minute on board, when full confirmation of the suspicion was furnished by the sudden appearance of no less a man than the veritable Skipper Duck himself, my horrible tyrant, whom I immediately recognised, and, I believe, by mere instinct, for five years had wrought many changes in his visage and person. What fury possessed me at the moment I hardly know: perhaps the recollections, thus renewed, of his former barbarities, awakened the desire for vengeance; and perhaps the desperation of my present circumstances

had a share in the excitement; but certain it is, no sooner had this amiable personage, in obedience to the call of the lieutenant—"Here, pilot, skipper, where the devil are you?" made his appearance, than, driven by an irresistible impulse, I flew at him, and with the words, "Now, you scoundrel, I'll pay you up for old times," and some half a dozen cuffs, applied with all my strength, laid him sprawling on the deck.

"Hurrah for *you*, Mister!" cried my representative, rushing from the bowsprit to my side, goose in hand, and looking half frantic with delight—"that's the way to serve him—give him a little more!"

"I will," said I, fortified by such encouragement, and squared off to give the Skipper, amazed and confounded at such an attack, the rising blow; when my commander, as much astonished as Duck, but still vastly diverted, bade me (after first kicking the lad of the goose out of the way,) "hold," and asked "what I meant by beating the king's friends, after volunteering to fight his enemies?"

"Sir," said I, "this man is the biggest villain in America, and treated me like a dog when I was a little boy."

"I!" said Skipper Duck, wiping the blood from his nose, and admiring its ruddy appearance on his thumb; "I!" ejaculated the rascal with meek and submissive astonishment; "I never seed the young gentleman before in my life."

"What, you thief!" said I, "don't you recollect Robin Day?"

"Robin Day!" cried he, giving me a look of surprise, then of surly resentment: "Very well; little Cock Robin, I won't forget you!" With which words, he sneaked away, and I saw no more of him.

The lieutenant now invited me into the cabin—

that dog-hole in which I had so often played the part of a menial and slave—to inquire a little more into my history; and I gave him a full account of all Skipper Duck's behaviour; upon which he commented by laughing very heartily, and by declaring that Skipper Duck deserved all I had given him, and something more into the bargain. "As for his cruelty," said he, "they tell me, he used to treat boy Tom—that's the cook boy with the goose, his 'prentice—just as savagely: but Tom's a devil, and deserves a rope's end every watch—and, upon my soul, I believe he get's it." I asked him how Skipper Duck came to be in the British service; upon which, he told me they had captured his vessel; and the Skipper, preferring a handsome reward, and the hope of having his shallop, by and by, restored to him, to remaining a prisoner of war, or being set ashore a pennyless beggar, had accepted a situation as pilot, being well acquainted with all the Chesapeake waters.

"What a traitorous villain!" thought I to myself, and would have said it, had it not immediately occurred to me that any such expression of virtuous indignation would look suspicious, coming from me in my present circumstances. But I resolved in my heart, some time or other, to have Skipper Duck hanged for high treason.

My commander having asked me all the questions he thought proper, first as to my own affairs, and then in relation to the villages on some of the neighbouring waters, of which, however, I soon satisfied him I knew nothing, now gave me to understand, that as a volunteer taking arms in his Majesty's service, it was expedient I should be taught the use of arms; for which purpose, greatly to my disappointment, for I expected he would

have invited me to dinner, which boy Tom was now laying on the table, gave me in charge of a man in a red-coat—I believe a marine—who was exercising the sailors on the deck, and teaching them a more scientific use of their legs and muskets than they naturally possessed, all, doubtless, to fit them more advantageously for the land-service, on which they were to be employed. And in this kind of exercise, stopping only for a time to eat our dinners, (I, to my great dudgeon, being obliged to mess with the men, as a person of no greater consideration than themselves,) we continued for several hours during the afternoon; when a boat coming on board with a message to the lieutenant, we were ordered to go below and turn in—that is, go to bed—and snatch a little sleep, previous to embarking on a new enterprise, to be undertaken some time during the night.

I felt my dignity again outraged by being compelled to sleep in the common hold among the men, and thought that my friend the lieutenant was not treating me in the most gentlemanly manner in the world; but the prospect of going on shore, and so effecting my escape, reconciled me to the wrong, and I lay down on the hard planks of the hold (for not a bit of a bed had I,) with great resignation, and straightway fell fast asleep, dreaming of prisonships all the time.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Robin Day distinguishes himself at the attack on Havre-de-Grace,  
and meets with a misfortune.

I WAS roused from my sleep at last by my new acquaintance and late captain, Tom Gunner, who undoubtedly held some petty office on board the ship, but what it was I never knew; and, indeed I am equally unaware what was the true rank and title of my friend the lieutenant, though I suspect he was nothing more than a midshipman. And here I may as well confess a greater ignorance of all naval and nautical matters than would seem becoming in one who drew his first breath on the sea, spent his childhood in an oyster-boat, fought—or served—six weeks as a volunteer in the British Navy, and smelt powder in—but I must not anticipate my story. The truth is, as I suspect, my early experience gave me a disgust to the sea and its affairs; and, although I have since tried to dive a little into their mysteries, it was all labour lost, and I find myself still as ignorant as ever. This will explain, and, I hope, excuse, the errors into which I may fall, in treating of these passages and branches of my existence.

I was waked by Tom Gunner, who told me to “get up and be d—d,” and intimated we were going to attack a town (it was the town of Havre de Grace,

at the head of the Chesapeake,) and that I was to have the honour of fighting in a barge under the command of my lieutenant. I got up, accordingly, and going upon deck, which was already swarming with men, was struck with the novelty of the spectacle that awaited me. It was not yet day, although the dawn was not far off, so that objects were but dimly discernible. I perceived, first, that we were under sail, but making way very slowly, there being scarcely any wind; and, next, that we had, during the time I was asleep, exchanged a river of half a mile wide for one of at least ten times the magnitude, with bold shores looming duskily up in the distance; and, finally, that our fleet had grown to thrice the number of vessels, some of which, following at a distance behind, were large ships.

As we proceeded onwards, the day began to break, and I saw, some miles off, the indications of a town or village; which having approached within a mile or two, the fleet came to anchor, and orders were given to man the boats. I descended, with a heart beating betwixt fear and hope, into the barge that already lay beside the *Jumping Jenny*, and which now received the same crew of heroes, with whom I had so unluckily distinguished myself the preceding day.

Our commander having also entered the boat, we lay upon our oars for a few moments waiting the signal to proceed. It was given at last by a sudden discharge of great guns from the ships of war, the thunder of which, with the patterings of the iron balls about their ears, were, I believe, the first intimation the sleeping villagers had of the presence of the enemy. The horrible uproar of so many canons shot off nigh at hand, and the dreadful sheets of flame bursting from the black sides of the ships,



threw me into a great panic, which was not much diminished when our commander gave the word to proceed against the village;—"Give way, my hearties," he cried; "we shall have something better to pick, in yon doghole, than ducks and chickens!"

The men responded with loud cheers, which were now heard proceeding from all quarters; for a great many barges like our own were on the water; and the rowers addressing themselves to their oars, we were soon rapidly approaching the devoted town.

But as we drew nigh, we noticed certain appearances, which convinced us that the villagers, however astounded at the salute we had given them, were not inclined to receive their visitors, without returning the compliments of the morning. And, first, we perceived a great body of them running hastily down to the beach before the town, where stood three or four strange looking objects; which, at that distance and in the uncertain light of the morning, I could not make out: nor, I presume should I have had the least idea of their character, had not Tom Gunner suddenly ripped out an oath, and declared "the bloody villains," (meaning the townspeople,) "had cannon, and were going to give us a salvo."

And, true enough, the words were scarce out of his mouth, when bang went a piece, and a cannon ball striking the river hard by our boat, which was one of the headmost, dashed a shower of water in my face, by which I was greatly frightened, thinking at first it was my life's blood all let loose. This salute, as it did, I believe, no damage to any in the fleet of boats, only served the purpose of inflaming the martial ardour of all. The officers d—d their souls, the men cheered, and rowed onwards with redoubled vigour; so that, in a few moments, we

reached the water's edge and sprang ashore. Previous to this, however, we received several other discharges; the wonder of which was that they were all fired by a single man; who, suddenly deserted by his townsman, that had been scared off by the noise of their own gun, stuck valiantly to the pieces, fired them off at us, one after the other, and was even seen, without any assistance, to recharge and refire them; until our sudden jumping ashore, and a volley of small arms let fly at him, compelled him to beat a retreat.

But even then, his flight was conducted in most heroic order, facing his enemies all the while, with a musket, which he fired; then loaded, as he retreated, and fired again. "Charge upon the rascal—run him down," quoth the lieutenant; who, having had the honour first to reach the shore, paused a moment to form his men, which he found no easy task in the face of so determined a foe. At that moment, I—still in mortal affright, yet thinking of nothing but escape—took to my heels, and ran up the street, along which the intrepid defender of the town was backing at his leisure, having no desire so great as to reach him and put his heroic defence betwixt me and the invaders. As I had had a musket put into my hands, which I still carried, holding on to it rather from instinct than inclination, and unfortunately forgot in my hurry to inform him of my peaceable intentions, it is not extraordinary, when I approached him, which, running at a great rate, I soon did, that his reception of me proved any thing but friendly. In fact, I had no sooner come within reach of his arm, than, clubbing his musket, and exclaiming, with a strongly Irish accent, "Surrender, ye villian;" which I should have been very happy to do, had he let me, he fetched me a terrible blow over the head, by

which I was felled to the ground, and left insensible.

And so ended, for that day, my hopes of flight, as well as my share in the martial events that followed; of which I have no further knowledge (and that acquired afterwards from others,) than that the town was taken, plundered, set in flames, and then, in due course of time abandoned by the magnanimous victors.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Containing an account of Robin Day's successor in the Jumping Jenny, and who he was.

WHEN I recovered my wits, I found myself again in the Jumping Jenny, lying sick and sore in a bunk, surrounded by sailors, who were, however, attending to their own affairs, without at all concerning themselves with me. And thus, sick and sore, among the sailors in the hold of the Jumping Jenny, I may say at once, to shorten my story, I remained for several weeks, having received such a hurt from the patriotic Hibernian as required all the strength of a naturally sturdy constitution to carry me through with life. And this was doubtless fortunate, as it prevented my taking a share, as otherwise I must have done, in those other forays against the villages of my countrymen, by which the British warfare in the Chesapeake continued to be distinguished.

I received two or three visits from a surgeon belonging to the fleet, who was a very humane personage, and told me my wounds were not, as I apprehended, of any very great account, considering my youth and hardy constitution; and once, also, I was visited by my friend the lieutenant, who asked me how I fared, swore I was "a brave dog," and vowed he intended to recommend me to the admiral for a commission, "in reward of my gallant behaviour

at the taking of the Irishman;" for, it seemed, he had mistaken my sudden rush from his crew for an outpouring of valour, an attack actually upon the bloody-minded defender of the village. It was none of my business to undeceive him in the matter, and I took care not to do so. After this, I saw no more of him, nor do I believe he ever more troubled his head about me.

In the midst of this universal neglect, which greatly lowered my opinion of my own importance, as well as of the dignity and profit of volunteering in his majesty's service, I perceived many manifestations of good will in a quarter from which I never should have expected it—namely, from boy Tom, whom I have already called my representative, as filling in the Jumping Jenny the same unhappy office of football and slave of all work, once filled by me. It soon appeared, that I had won his affections, or—as he was too much such an insensate clod as I had once been, to have any affections to win—that I had made some sort of agreeable impression on his instincts, by beating his tyrant, the detestable Duck. Indeed, I remember, the first time he made his appearance at my bedside, or the first time my returning consciousness allowed me to observe him, and hear him speak, that his first words to me, pronounced with an accent of mingled eagerness and encouragement, were—"I say, mister, when you gits well, you'll give him a little more of it, won't you?"—words which he repeated, or something to the same effect, at every visitation, until I began to understand the drift of them.

He was, to appearance, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old; but allowing for the effects of Skipper Duck's brutality, which I could well appreciate, I had no doubt he was in reality three or four

years older. His figure was short and squat, but somewhat robust, looking all the bigger, however, for being bagged up in some of Skipper Duck's cast garments. His visage was not in itself unhandsome, having quite regular and rather delicate features; but it was so begrimed with dirt and smoke, and set in such a mop of hair, that seemed never to have known scissors or comb, and there was withal an expression in it of a spirit so mulish and savage and stupid, that no one would have thought of calling it otherwise than ugly. Such a spirit was indicated also by his conversation, which was full of oaths and ignorance, and by his behaviour, which to all, saving perhaps myself, on board the *Jumping Jenny*, was full of perverseness, obstinacy, and enmity. He seemed, indeed, a son of Ishmael among them; all men's hands—and, I may add, feet—were against him; he was a butt upon whom all seemed to take a malicious pleasure in venting sarcasms and buffets, which he requited with abuses, and, where he durst, with blows. All swore, boy Tom possessed the spirit of a devil—"a dumb devil," as Tom Gunner called it;—but, I believe they had beaten it into him.

The attentions of this little wretch, who played the part of a rude nurse, while I lay sick, and brought me daily my physic and food, together with the striking similarity betwixt his condition as it was, and mine as it had been, begot in me a species of interest, which increased from day to day, and was still further augmented by a suspicion that came over me, I could not tell how, that there was more than a resemblance—that there was some kind of connection between his fate and mine. I employed a portion of the leisure, of which I had more than enough, while on my back, in speculating on the

peculiarities of his character, and the causes which had moulded it into what it was.

And first, it appeared to me that boy Tom had not been always the mulish, ignorant creature he now was, but that—unlike me, in whom brutal treatment had prevented the natural growth of mind—he was one in whom mind, after a certain stage of development, had been driven back, or thrust out, by hard usage; yet not so completely but that some relics and fragments of it might be seen still lingering behind. Thus, with all his stupidity, there might be occasionally detected in him gleams of sense, the sparkles of a fire that had not been wholly extinguished; and, amid all the coarseness and profanity of his conversation, I was sometimes struck with expressions that I fancied could have been caught only among educated and refined people, such as he never could have met on board the Jumping Jenny. His spirit too—for, certainly, he was a spunky little dog, as his continual, though unavailing, resistance to the tyranny of all on board proved—could never, according to my doctrine, derived from my own experience, have existed, had he been accustomed to such treatment from his earliest days. Besides, it was quite evident he could not have been in Skipper Duck's hands longer than from the period of my deliverance. This had happened between five and six years ago; and as Boy Tom was now at least fifteen years old, it followed that at least ten years of his existence must have been passed in other—and, doubtless, better hands than those of Skipper Duck.

The more I speculated upon these things, the greater became my interest in the boy, whose rude, but kindly, attentions grew more frequent day by day; until, at last, it was quite evident he took

pleasure in being with me, giving me the benefit of all the time he had to spare, as well as a great deal that he had not. The more I saw of him, the stronger grew my suspicion as to that connection between our interests of which I have spoken before; and several times I was seized with—I cannot say, an absolute persuasion—but a feeling that I had seen him before, though where or when my puzzled memory could not say. And, one day, this impression became so strong, that I could not resist questioning him on the subject, for the purpose of satisfying my curiosity; and truly, the result was surprising enough. I asked him, “what was his name.”

“Tom,” said he, “Boy Tom.”

“But your other name?” demanded I; “your father’s name?”

Tom scratched his head with a stupid stare; “The Cappin’s a father over me,” said he—“Cap-pin Duck, dang his buttons.”

“But your *own* father,” quoth I; “you certainly had a father; what was his name?”

“Never had no father,” said Tom resolutely—“had only a papa.”

There was something in the use of the word “papa” (not to speak of the confusion of ideas.) that struck me; but judge my more than astonishment, when, asking “what was that papa’s name,” the boy answered, without the slightest hesitation, “Dr. Howard.”

I started up from my bunk, sick and feeble as I was, and looked almost with terror upon the lad; who, as if quite unconscious of having said any thing at all surprising, continued to inform me that his papa “lived all the way off in Jersey,”—as if that were at the other end of the earth. His father my patron, Dr. Howard? himself my little schoolmate



Tommy, who had been drowned, as all the world knew, or supposed, five years before? The idea was too amazing for belief; but it had conjured up a thousand sleeping memories, and as I looked into the little wretch's face, I could now perceive points of resemblance, not before noticed, which staggered me from my incredulity. "*You* Tommy Howard!" I exclaimed, with a faltering voice; to which the poor oaf, taking the ejaculation for an inquiry, answered bluffly—"No—Boy Tom, I tells you; papa's name was Doctor Howard; but mine's Boy Tom."

"If Dr. Howard is your papa, you then must be Tommy Howard," I said. "Yet it cannot be. Tommy was drowned; every body said so; they found his clothes on the shore."

Then looking again upon the urchin, who, not comprehending my remarks, or the drift of them, began to stir about as if he had already discharged the subject of conversation from his thoughts, I cried, as a new thought struck me—"If you are Tommy Howard, you must know *me*:—I am your old friend Robin Day!"

Boy Tom stared at me with a face of great simplicity:—"Never know'd no sich feller," said he.

"What! not Robin Day, that fished you out of the river, when you hit him with an oyster-shell? Robin Day, that you taught his letters to?—that used to play with you in the garden all day long?"

"'Twar'n't no sich feller as Robin Day," said Tom, very resolutely; "'twas little Sy Tough.—Ay, dang my buttons!" he continued as the gleam of recollection shot over his murky mind, "Sy was sich a feller for eatin' and drinkin'! Know'd Sy Tough well enough; but never know'd no Robin Day."

The reader will remember that Sy Tough was my nickname at school; and he may judge how much of satisfaction, mingled with pain, I felt at hearing it thus pronounced by the poor boy;—satisfaction, because, to my mind, it afforded the clearest proof of the identity of Boy Tom and the lost Tommy Howard, and pain, because it was only with grief I could look upon my old playmate and friend, the child of my benefactor, thus degraded in intellect and manners—a wreck of what he had been, a nonentity compared with what he might, and ought to have been.

But he was my patron's son, Tommy Howard, there was no doubt of that! I could see it in his visage, I could hear it in his voice, I could trace it in his broken and confused recollections. Five years of slavery in the hands of such a man as Skipper Duck, were enough to make even the bright little Tommy what he was—to rob him of every faculty of mind, and every acquisition of manners, feeling and knowledge: the only wonder was that he should have retained any thing, that he should have recollected any thing, that he should not have been wholly brutalized.

But little Tommy Howard had been drowned—had not the whole village said so? had not every one settled even the particulars of his death? I conned the circumstances over in my mind. It was true, every one believed little Tommy had been drowned; but that did not prove he had been. All that was actually known of the catastrophe was, that Tommy, with some twenty or thirty other urchins, had gone one evening into the river to swim, amusing themselves as usual among the shipping—or, to be more correct, the *shalloping*—

moored about the wharves, and anchored in the river; that he was missed, when his companions left the water to dress, and only then, when some one remarked an unclaimed bundle of clothes, which were found to be his; that he was supposed to have been drowned, because that was the easiest and most natural way of accounting for his disappearance. The river had been dragged for his body, though without success. That made nothing, at the time, against the belief in his unhappy end; but it was now every thing in favour of my own conclusions. Had his body been indeed found, the circumstances of Boy Tom calling himself the son of Dr. Howard, and remembering the name of Sy Tough, would have been merely wonderful; as it had not been found, it was, with these, another proof of his existence, and of his being one and the same person with Boy Tom.

It remained now to account for his sudden disappearance, and his falling into the hands of Skipper Duck; and here, although I received no assistance whatever from him, his memory being on this point as on most others, quite extinguished, I was at no great loss to frame a plausible solution of the difficulty. It will be remembered that Skipper Duck had expiated his wrongs to me by a severe punishment—by fine and imprisonment—not to speak of the keel-hauling and banishment from our town for ever; which visitations of justice were directly to be traced to my patron, Dr. Howard, to bring him to justice; and nothing could be more natural than that he should seize any opportunity that fell in his power of revenging himself upon the doctor, the cause of his misfortunes. I, who knew the Skipper so well, felt that the cutting of the doctor's throat itself

would not have been an enormity too great for him, had it not been for the cowardice of his nature; the only quality that kept him from the commission of the greatest crimes. Upon revolving the matter in my mind, viewing it in every way, I became convinced that, at the time of the catastrophe, Skipper Duck must have been with his vessel in the river,—and, doubtless, in disguise, as was necessary to his safety—that little Tommy had, by some means, fallen into his hands—perhaps, by swimming to, and clambering into his vessel; which kind of visitations it was a common thing for the boys to make to the vessels anchored in the river—that the Skipper had recognised him as the son of his enemy and persecutor, (as he, most probably, considered the doctor,) and, upon an impulse of revenge, immediately concealed and carried him away, to wreak upon his innocent body the revenge he owed the parent. And such an act was not the less probable, that it gained him a slave to fill the office from which I had been removed. Then, by changing the scene of his operations from the New Jersey to the Chesapeake waters, it was as easy to retain possession of his prize as to escape the consequences of his crime.

Such was the way in which I explained the marvel of poor Tommy's existence and debasement; and such was, as it afterwards appeared, the true explanation.

It may be supposed, with such a belief upon my mind, that I did not cease my efforts to awake the memory of the boy to the other facts and circumstances of his former life, to heap together still further (though I required no more convincing) proofs of his identity. But here my ingenuity and perseverance were alike unrewarded: he knew nothing,

he remembered nothing, save that his "papa's" name was Dr. Howard, who lived "all the way off in Jersey," and that he once had a playmate, Sy Tough, whose head he had laid open with an oyster shell, who had fished him, in return, from the bottom of the river, and who was "sich a feller for eatin' and drinkin'!"—as, no doubt, I was, when first translated from the house of famine to the fleshpots of my patron's kitchen, and the apples and oranges of little Tommy's storehouse in the garret. His sister, his playmates, old Pedro the cook—every thing else was forgotten—even the skill he had imparted to me in reading, was gone:—I found, in making the experiment, he scarce knew one letter from another. In short, he was such a ruin, such a wreck of what he had been, so stupid of mind and callous of feeling, that it pained me to the heart to look at him, and, especially, to pursue the investigations, which only the more glaringly revealed his deficiencies. But I had one cheering hope:—once again in the hands of his father, I doubted not of his speedy regeneration: the hand that had rescued an alien from barbarism, would be still more powerful to rescue the benighted son.

This discovery, by which I was greatly excited, did what physic and my own desires had hitherto failed to do; it put me immediately upon my legs; and I crawled upon the deck to look up my friend the lieutenant, and the villanous Duck, for the purpose of representing to the former the singular case of little Tommy, and charging the latter with kidnapping him; besides, I hoped to procure the lad's liberty, and have him sent back to his parent. But neither the lieutenant nor the skipper were to be found: the commander had gone off, with a single

boat's crew, taking Duck along with him, upon an expedition, which proved very unfortunate, the lieutenant losing his life, and all his crew, including the skipper, being either destroyed or taken prisoners. This we learned in the evening, when another officer, an old midshipman, came on board the *Jumping Jenny*, and read his orders to assume the command of the *Jumping Jenny*.

To this officer, though somewhat daunted by his looks, which were glum and ferocious, I did not long defer carrying my story; though I must say, its reception, as well as my own, was not very encouraging or flattering. I had not well opened my mouth when he unlocked his own to pour a volley of abuse, his wrath being caused, it seemed, by my audacity in speaking to him without having been first invited to do so; and he ended the explosion, by demanding "who the h— I was?" to which I replied, I was "a volunteer in his Majesty's service."

"Volunteer be d—d," quoth he, sending for the ship's list, which he looked over for my name, though, I believe, without finding it: upon which he fell into a great passion, and swore I was a prisoner of war and nothing better, until Mr. Gunner came to my assistance, and bore witness I had volunteered my services to *him*, that they had been accepted by the late lieutenant, and, finally, that, as a volunteer I had won my wounds, fighting bravely on shore at the storming of Havre de Grace.

The commander then, with another oath, asked me what I wanted; upon which I told him poor Tommy's story, or, rather, as much as he would hear, which was little enough: he d—d Tommy's eyes, as well as mine; and upon my preferring an humble request, that he would give the former his

freedom, to return to his bereaved parent, he asked me whether I was "a volunteer horse, or volunteer jackass?" told me to mind my own business, and then uncivilly dismissed me from his presence—that is, he picked up a handspike, and threw it at my head, as I was hastily, to avoid his wrath, descending to my quarters.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Robin's plans of escape are interrupted, and he marches with the British to the attack on Craney Island.

HAVING thus lost all hope of effecting the liberation of my poor playmate through the humanity of the lieutenant's successor, I now cast about for other means of insuring my ends: and none better offering, I laid a plan for escaping with him in a boat to the shore, which I thought might be done, under cover of the night, as the watch was not always kept with great strictness; and, once upon terra-firma, I thought it would be no great difficulty to find the means of sending Tommy to his friends, notwithstanding that my unlucky circumstances rendered it inexpedient for me to attempt turning my face towards the same quarter.

I digested and perfected the scheme at my leisure, taking care to admit none to my counsels, not even Tommy himself; who, I doubted not, would be willing to fly with me from the tyranny of the Jumping Jenny at a moment's warning, and upon whose prudence and co-operation I saw it was necessary to rely as little as possible. At the same time, having procured a sheet of paper from a literary marine, who kept a journal of his exploits, I drew up a long letter to my patron, which I designed to send by Tommy; in which I described, first, the happy



discovery I had made, with all matters thereto relating; and, in the second place, my own unlucky adventures, from the time of leaving his house up to the present moment. I was particular in explaining the incident of the robber, that he might see I was innocent of the charge laid at my doors by the audacious highwayman, as well as of the loss of the horse, which that impudent fellow had ridden off with; and I gave him the true account of my adventures with the false and the true Mr. Bloodmoney, begging that he would clear up my character, which had, no doubt, suffered in the estimation of that worthy gentleman. I informed him of my fortunate escape (for so I considered it) from Mr. John Dabs the constable; as well as of my unhappy encounter with the British, begging him to observe that I had volunteered to take arms with them, only for the purpose of avoiding the horrors of a prison-ship, and of effecting my escape to my own countrymen, at the earliest opportunity. I concluded the missive by detailing my plan of escape, and assuring him that, as I intended to make Tommy the bearer of my epistle, he might infer, upon the receipt of it, that I had effected my purpose, and was at liberty. I ended by a postscript, in which I sent my love to Nanna, with a hint that, as soon as I should escape the British, and light upon my friend Dicky Dare, she would, perhaps, hear farther of me in the papers, fighting the battles of my country. My letter, when finished, I concealed about my person, to have in readiness for the moment of escape, which I now resolved should soon take place;—and that before being called upon again to bear arms in the service of his Britannic Majesty.

My resolution, as far as it had reference to fighting again in the ranks of the enemy, it would have

been as well had I omitted, since it required to make it good, the consent of other persons whose consent might not have been so easily obtained. At all events, after having quite settled the matter in my own mind to my own satisfaction, I was given to understand one fine morning, after being first informed I was discharged from the sick list, that I was, that day, for the third time, to have the honour of fighting his majesty's enemies, and ordered to prepare myself for action accordingly. This information was conveyed by my friend Tom Gunner, who, noting my surprise, or perhaps a stronger feeling, for I was, in his phrase, rather taken aback by it, told me "there was no use in being scared, as the d—d bullets never got out of one's way for being afraid of them," and added, "after all, d— his heart, he believed we were going, for once, to knock our heads against a stone wall, and that some of us would see Davy Jones before the day was over." And in reply to my question, upon what expedition we were bound, he told me we were to attack the city of Norfolk, somewhere near to which the whole fleet lay at anchor;—that if we succeeded, we should have "hellish fine times among the women, and grand picking among the crockery ware and niggers; though, to his mind, we were more like to come off with a salt eel than any thing better." And upon my asking what made the enterprise more dangerous than usual, he replied, there was "a cursed island, with a cursed fort upon it, to take, before we could approach the city—that the cursed island, besides its cursed fort, was also defended by a cursed Yankee frigate, and twenty cursed Yankee gunboats," all which cursed things, island and fortress, frigate and gunboats, were "manned with fellows that knew the difference

between grog and gunpowder—with sailors, d—his blood, that had seen service, and none of your blasted milishy, that one could lick by merely looking hard at them.”

However grieved I may have felt at this unexpected order, I had gained too much experience to think of disputing it; and, accordingly, I made my preparations, and, in a very brief time, found myself in a barge, strongly manned and officered by the new commander, which, with a great number of others, now set off for the southern shore of James River, near the mouth of which—that is to say, in Hampton Roads—the British fleet lay anchored.

The reader, who is better conversant with geographical science, than I happened to be in those days, knows that the position of Norfolk is upon a smaller river that empties into James River, from which the town is seven or eight miles removed. Upon this smaller river, three miles above the James River, lies Craney Island—“the cursed island” of Tom Gunner—separated from the western bank by a narrow channel, which is, I believe, fordable; at least it was so reported among my friends the British, who thereupon founded their plan of attack. It was designed that a part of the invading force should advance upon the island in the boats, while the remainder, landing at the mouth of the river, should march up behind the island, while its defenders were engaged with the boats, wade the narrow channel, and carry the works on the island by storm.

The crew of the *Jumping Jenny*, it appeared, were to take part with the latter division, composed of land troops, (brought over by Admiral Warren,) marines, and sailors—a destination which, I believe, gave great pleasure to every soul in the division; for, as it

was pretty generally understood that the fort on the island was a fort in earnest, with abundance of artillery and men, not to speak of the frigate and twenty gunboats, lying so convenient for its assistance, so it was as commonly believed that the attack upon it in front with barges would prove any thing but safe or agreeable to those assigned to the duty. As for myself, I was doubly pleased—pleased to escape the dangers of the boat service, and pleased to put my foot again upon dry land, where (so hot was now my desire to escape,) I determined, if possible, to desert the king's service, leaving little Tommy Howard, not, indeed, to shift for himself, but to be liberated in a way and by means to be afterwards devised.

Our division landed without difficulty or molestation, and immediately took up the line of march towards the object of attack, marching through scrubby woods and thickets, so as to strike the river in the rear of the island—or, as Tom Gunner called it, “to take it astarn;” and this part of our design we effected without any accident—that is, we came in sight of the river and its island, the theatre on which we were all shortly to play parts so important and heroical. We came in sight of it at a moment of great excitement and interest; for, just then, the barges were seen close to the island, upon which they were rushing with furious spirit and speed, while a host of blue-jackets—sailors from the American squadron drawn up in the river above—stood behind a breast-work on the shore, with artillery, to dispute their landing. We could see the gunners whirling their matches in the air, as if upon the very point of firing; the expectation of which, with the interest of the scene, brought our land army to an involuntary halt, to behold the beginning of

the battle. It is true, our commanders d—d our eyes, and ordered us, some to "march," and some to "give way," according as they belonged to the bull dog or sea-dog families; but even they could not resist the feeling of the moment, which chained all feet to the ground, while all eyes were directed to the scene of strife about to open. "My eyes!" said Tom Gunner, opening them upon his friends in the barges—"they gits it!" which was a very prophetic speech of Tom Gunner's.

At this moment, the forces in the boats, who, I fancy had just caught sight of us, their coadjutors, so opportunely arriving, set up a lusty cheer, and dashed with renewed spirit against the island; and a few more strokes of the oars would have carried them to the strand; which, however, but few of them were destined to reach. The blue-jackets returned the cheer with another, not so loud, but quite as bold and confident; and immediately we beheld some ten or a dozen matchsticks descend upon the vents of as many cannon, followed by a din of explosion that shook the earth under our feet. The effect of this discharge was, to my fancies, at least, prodigious. The river was tossed into foam, its whole surface around and among the boats converted into froth by the showers of ball and grape-shot poured from the cannon; while the fragments of at least one barge shattered by a ball, were seen knocked into the air, with, perhaps, the mangled limbs of several of her crew, whose bodies were, an instant after, seen scattered over the tide. The assailants, undeterred by the discharge, gave breath to another hurrah, which was, however, cut short by a second broadside, that rapidly succeeded the former; and, I believe, wrought horrible havoc among them; but of this we could now know nothing, as the smoke of the artillery

drove over the water as well as around the battery, and concealed friend and foe alike from our view. But from that nitrous cloud long came to our ears the sounds of battle—the roar of the American cannon, as well as those in the boats, (for they had ordnance on board, and now put them to use,) the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the combatants.

There was another reason why we should no longer take much note of the proceedings of our comrades; which was a sudden occasion we found for giving all our attention to our own interests. The second volley of the blue jackets awoke the wrath of our leaders, who gave the order again to march, and carry the island at a blow. We had scarcely turned our faces to obey, when we were petrified at the sight of a multitude of men, spread through the woods, some of them very tatterdemalion-looking personages, but all armed and formed somewhat in military order, who had marched upon us unaware, and were still advancing full in our front. And to make this apparition the more disagreeable, we immediately heard a strong voice among them, doubtless that of their leader, cry aloud—"Now, boys, there they are, the villains!—let them have it!" And, indeed they did let us have it immediately—that is to say, a volley of small arms, chiefly rifles, I believe, by which at least a dozen of our men were shot down, one of them, a sailor at my side, who rolled his eyes, and—having Tom Gunner's late observation on his memory—gasped out, "Now we gits it too, d—n my blood,"—and immediately expired.

"Cut the villains to pieces! they are only militia,—charge them out of the wood," cried our own commander-in-chief; and my fellow soldiers, whose

blood was now up, obeying the order, rushed upon the offending freemen with a fury not to be withstood; and they immediately retreated, though in very good order, rather backing away than flying, and keeping up an incessant firing all the time. We drove them thus through the woods a few hundred paces; when, all of a sudden, a volley was fired at us from the bushes on the river bank, which was on our left; and turning to charge upon this new foe, we received a third fire upon our backs from a detachment, which, it appeared, had out-flanked us on the right. At the same time, our adversaries in front came to a stand, and having given us one more salute with their rifles, suddenly unmasked a battery of field-pieces, by the first discharge of which a score of my comrades were made to bite the dust, and the whole force thrown into confusion.

Of the remaining occurrences of the battle I do not profess to be able to give any clear and satisfactory account, having been, in fact, thrown into such disorder by the fire of the artillery, only a few rods in front, and the havoc wrought by the great balls among the trees, which came tumbling down about our ears, and among our men, whose mangled bodies, torn by these tremendous missiles, filled me with horror and astonishment, that I was no longer able to note the proceedings around. All that I know is, that the militia were too strong, and their fire too hot, for us; that we beat a retreat in our turn, and were pursued by the enemy, whose numbers seemed to increase as they followed us, and that our forces, or at least that portion of them with which I acted, were thrown into disorder by a furious charge of the pursuers, who became, in a manner, for a few moments, mingled with us, fighting in *melée*. I remember very well that a company of the most

beggarly-looking militia of them all came rushing up, like so many devils, to where I stood, (without yet an opportunity to fly,) led on by a very young officer in uniform, who flourished a long cut-and-thrust sword, seemingly devoured by his own valour, and furiously cheering his men to deeds of fame and glory.

Up to this moment, the crew of the *Jumping Jenny* had not suffered any very great loss, and were able to retreat in a body, presenting a firm face to the enemy. But the fury of the present attack, levelled particularly against us, was more than we could stand, especially as our captain (whom, however, nobody regretted, he was such a tyrant,) was shot down by a chance ball, as they came on. Nevertheless we (that is my comrades) made some show of resistance, even when broken by the fury of the shock, and engaged hand to hand with the assailants. Tom Gunner, in particular, swearing "he be d—d if he was going to be whipped by any riffraff milishymen," and calling upon the men to remember 'they were beef-eating Britons, and not fever and aguy Virginee Yankees,' rushed against the captain of the enemy, with his cutlass, and immediately engaged him hand to hand. Fierce, but brief, was the conflict; thwack went the cutlass, clash went the cut and thrust; "Surrender, you bloody baby!" roared Tom Gunner, the epithet expressing his contempt of the officer's youthful looks,— "Die, you British thief!" cried the latter; then thwack and clash, and clash and thwack again; until, suddenly, the bold Tom, vanquished by the superior fortune, or skill, of his antagonist, fell to the ground, exclaiming, "I'm done for, d—me," and ended his marauding campaigns for ever;—at least, I suppose so, that being the last I ever saw or heard of him.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Robin Day discovers his friend Dicky Dare; but his pleasure is damped by a new misfortune, which separates him from his brother adventurer, and sends him again upon the world a fugitive.

THE disorder into which our company was thrown by this furious attack, afforded me the opportunity I had so long desired for effecting my escape—an opportunity, however, of which I did not immediately take advantage, owing to my fears and confusion of mind; having no other thought at that time but how to get out of the reach of the frantic militia-men, who were dealing death upon all before them. But a circumstance that befell in the battle betwixt Tom Gunner and the young officer, which was fought, as I may say, hard by me, startled me from my panic, and recalled the thought of escape. The appearance of the captain of militia presented nothing unusual to my eyes; but his voice, proclaiming defiance and the confidence of victory over his opponent, electrified my inmost spirit—it was the voice of my friend Dicky Dare! Yes! a look at him, as his valiant arm whirled in the air to strike the blow that brought the vanquished Gunner to his feet, convinced me it was indeed he, whom the lustre of a martial uniform could now no longer conceal from my eyes. It was he, my friend and brother in arms, fighting, like a young Mars, fighting in the front ranks of victory, fighting, too, which was equally

advantageous and glorious, on exactly the right side, —on the side of his country.

The apparition of my friend and fellow adventurer, so long lost, so long sought, filled me not only with surprise, but with joy and rapture; and shouting his name, with a cry half plaintive, half triumphant, I rushed towards him, to put myself under his protection and command, with the full intention of turning my arms against my friends of the Jumping Jenny. But it was, I soon found, no easy matter to claim an acquaintance, or renew a friendship, on the field of battle.

A dozen combatants rushed between me and my friend; and, worse than that, they turned their unfriendly arms against me, some crying "No quarter for the robbers," while others more mercifully bade me "Surrender," which I was very willing to do. "Surrender, you British murderer and plunderer!" cried one, with tones of the most virtuous indignation, clutching me, at the same time, by the collar. The voice was another surprise; and I beheld in the captor no less a man than the missing master of the Jumping Jenny, the detested Skipper Duck.

The villain recognised me at the moment of speaking, and a grin of exultation illumined his dark and vindictive countenance. "Little Cock Robin! blast my oyster-tongs!" he cried, giving me at the same time, a furious box on the ear, and another at the back of it, before I could recover from my surprise. Then, clutching me tighter than before, he swore I was "a valuable capture—that I was a traitor, an American-born subject, who had volunteered with the British, and been with them at the burning of Frenchtown, and Havre de Grace, and I know not how many other fields of foray beside—that he was a witness, and could swear to all he had charged me with—that

they themselves, the militia-men, had caught me in the very act of treason, fighting, with the British, against my own country and fellow-citizens—for which I ought to be hanged; as I undoubtedly would be." In short, I found that I had stepped from one dilemma into another, that Skipper Duck had consigned, or was on the point of consigning, me to that very fate I had so patriotically proposed for him, and that I was in the fairest possible way of being carried to the gallows for high treason.

There was, indeed, some prospect of my escaping this undesirable catastrophe, by being murdered on the spot, Duck's companions, the militia-men, being so exasperated by the charges, which I could not contradict, (how could I, since they were all perfectly true,) that some of them proposed to blow out my brains, without further ceremony or inquiry.

At this moment, while I was vainly struggling to explain away the guilt of my apparent treason, by representing from what good motives I had acted, my friend Dicky Dare came hobbling up, (for, it seemed, he had taken an honorable wound in the battle,) and, with a tremendous voice of authority, ordered his men to continue the pursuit of the enemy, who were still on the retreat, declaring, as if the lives of all mankind depended upon his will, that "not a soul of them," meaning the British, "must be suffered to reach their boats alive." Upon this, all opened their lips to boast their fortunate capture of a traitor, and I to claim the protection of my brother-in-arms.

Dicky Dare looked astonished at the sight of me, and was still more amazed at the charge of treason so volubly preferred by the malignant Skipper, and so hotly confirmed by his companions; but putting on the look of a commander-in-chief, and swearing

like a private, he ordered his men to follow after the enemy without further delay, and leave the prisoner to him: "On my brave fellows!" said the youthful chief—"the enemy is not yet cut to pieces: on, then, and cover yourselves with immortal glory!"

"Immortal glory for ever! hurrah for Uncle Sam!" cried the gallant ragamuffins, immediately resuming the pursuit of the enemy—all except Skipper Duck, who seized me by the collar again, swearing I was "*his* prisoner, and he was n't going to give me up for nobody, blast his fish-hooks—but would carry me to head-quarters, where he expected to be handsomely rewarded for his prize."

"What, you mutinous rascal! do you disobey orders?" quoth Dicky Dare, aiming with his sword a terrible blow at the refractory Skipper, which the latter avoided by leaping aside, without, however, losing his hold of me; until I, encouraged by the countenance of my friend, took part in the affray, and knocked the vindictive caitiff down. He then sneaked off, swearing, as he went, that he would report the valiant Dicky at head quarters for befriending the renegade whom he had in vain taken prisoner.

"A confounded insolent scoundrel," said Dicky in a fume;—"think, by Julius Cæsar, I have seen the rascal before."

"Yes," said I, "it is that notorious villain, Skipper Duck, that used to be of our town."—But Dicky's thoughts were upon more important subjects.

"I say, Mr. Robin Day, by Julius Cæsar," said he, in great haste, yet with exceeding dignity—"there's no time, while the battle is raging, to talk; a brave man, sir, can think of nothing but fighting; so

we must be short.—Do you mean to allow, sir, you landed on this soil in company with British forces?”

“I did, Dicky. But——”

“And that you came with arms in your hands, a volunteer in the British service?”

“I did, Dicky. But——”

“And that you fought with them at Frenchtown and Havre-de-grace?”

“Yes, Dicky. But——”

“But *what?*” cried the young patriot, surveying me with disgust, and putting on the lofty port of a hero: “do you expect to excuse such an act, sir? an act of treason, sir? I’d have you to know, sir, by Julius Cæsar,” he added, with increased dignity and emphasis, “I despise a traitor above all created things!—My old friend Sy Tough a volunteer in the British service!”

I explained to him that that was a mere stratagem of war—that I had volunteered in the first place by mistake, and then continued to bear arms only for the purpose of effecting my escape to my friends, the Americans.

“Hem,” said Dicky, with the snort of a war-horse blowing the breath of contempt on his enemies, —“and do you suppose that *that* excuse will serve your turn at a court-martial? that such a motive as that—or *any* motive, by Julius Cæsar, sir, will justify *you*, sir, or any body, sir, by Julius Cæsar, sir, in taking up arms against your country, sir?”

These questions fairly set my hair upon end; and I felt that it was a great omission I had made not to ask them of myself, when first adopting that sagacious device by which I designed to effect my escape from the British.

“I believe I have been a great fool, Dicky,” said

I; "but I hope you will do me the justice to believe my motives were good."

"Confound your motives," said General Dare, sublimely; "actions, sir, actions are the things the government and people of the United States will look to. And as for actions, here you are, sir, taken in action, with arms in your hands, fighting against your country! I say, sir, by Julius Cæsar!" he cried, "do you know what will be the end of all this? do you know, sir, what is the punishment for taking service with the enemy?"

I stammered out a faltering hope that my case was not so bad as he would have me believe.

"For my part," said Dicky, "I don't know whether they shoot traitors or hang them; but one or the other is certain for you, by Julius Cæsar. You are taken a prisoner to head-quarters, accused of high treason, convicted by a court martial, and up you go—or *down*, sir, I don't know which—but hemp or lead finishes the business!"

"Alas, Dicky!" I cried, reduced to despair; and demanded if he could not, or would not, help me out of my desperate predicament.

"That's exactly what I mean to do," said Dickey Dare, with loftier emphasis than ever. "I hate and despise a traitor beyond mention; but, for old love's sake, and considering it is your first offence, I pardon you. Go, sir, by Julius Cæsar; I give you your life and liberty—I release you:—go, fly, save your bacon—run, jump, cut stick, clear out! make streaks, I tell you, and hide in woods and caves from the wrath of your injured and offended country. As for me, sir, by Julius Cæsar, here goes again for another knock at her enemies!"

With these words, the youthful patriot ran hob-

bling through the woods after his company and the flying foe; and I, conscious of my crime and of the imminent danger it had plunged me into, betook me to my heels returning in another direction, in which, I judged, there was least fear of falling again into the hands of my injured and offended countrymen.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

In which Robin Day stumbles upon another acquaintance and companion in affliction.

THE words of my friend—"I don't know whether they shoot traitors or hang them, but hemp or lead must finish the business"—remained jingling in my ears for many hours after I lost sight of him, and stimulated the violent exertions which I made to escape the dangerous vicinity of the battle.

I ran through the woods and fields, until the lesser sounds of conflict, the shouts and rattle of musketry, no longer came to my ears; though I could long hear, at intervals, the dying thunder of the cannon. But, by and by, even this was no longer heard; and I had therefore reason to fancy myself beyond the immediate danger of pursuit, supposing that pursuit should be attempted; which I thought not unlikely, considering the malicious temper of my foe, Skipper Duck. Nevertheless, I did not cease running at the very top of my speed as long as my strength held, being impelled by the urgency of my fears to make the most of my time; and, even when quite worn out by my exertions, and obliged to pause to take breath, I allowed myself only a few moments of rest, and immediately resumed my journey, which I pursued as fast as I could walk, until late in the after-



noon, when, I felt satisfied I had left the field of battle more than twenty miles behind me.

Whither I was going I did not greatly trouble myself to take into consideration. My first object was to get out of danger, and beyond the reach of the patriotic militia-men, which it appeared to me would be most easily effected by striking away from the coast, where I supposed all the fighting-men of Virginia were now concentrated, to repel the invader; and I had some vague kind of notion, that, once out of their reach, I would hunt up some other field of glory, and there, by fighting very valiantly on the side of my country, wipe out the sin of treason, of which I had been guilty in act, though not in intention.

My first object, then, was to make my way into the interior; my next desire was to proceed with as little risk of interruption as possible; for which reason I avoided, at least during the greater portion of the day, all public roads, confining myself to the barren pine woods with which that country is covered, and in which I had less fear of stumbling upon suspicious persons—for, truly, that day, I thought all persons were suspicious. With the same view, I eschewed all human habitations, giving a wide berth to every farm house and cottage it was my fate to see, not knowing what dangers I might encounter, by approaching them. And hence it happened, as I had laid in no store of provender for my journey, that I was in quite a state of famine towards evening; at which period, weary and forlorn, I sat down upon the bank of a small river, where a by-road crossed it, to bewail my hard fate, and to devise some means, if possible, of escaping a death of starvation.

As for my hard fate, it was now undoubtedly

harder than ever; and I could not but wonder, while I grieved, at the variety of perils, which a persecuting fortune had, in so short a period, heaped upon my back. First, I had brought myself under the danger of the law for a murder—for, be it remembered, I had no knowledge of the restoration to life of the unfortunate M'Goggin, Mr. John Dabs's advices to the contrary notwithstanding; secondly, I lay under an accusation of highway robbery and horse-stealing; thirdly, I had been drawn into the commission of a burglary, and a most incredibly audacious one, too; and, last and worst of all, I was a traitor to my country, accused, convicted, condemned, (at least by my friend Dicky Dare,) with the most undeniable prospect of being hanged, or shot, for my pains, the moment my country should catch me. And all this had happened within the few weeks in which I had been left to govern myself by my own wisdom. "Alas!" I cried, beginning to doubt whether my wisdom was so great as I had supposed it to be—a doubt most distressing to a sensible person—beginning to question even my ability to take care of myself—a question still more afflicting to a young person who has believed himself for a while much cleverer than others of his species.

My hunger was also an evil which sorely oppressed me, and the more bitterly as I had still a handsome sum of money about me, enough to buy food for a regiment, but which I durst not apply to relieving my wants; for I was afraid lest the attempt should only lead to my being taken up for a suspicious person.

When I reflected upon these things, and remembered that I was a stranger in a strange land, flying I knew not well whither, but, as I greatly feared,

only from one chapter of dangers to another, being very hungry besides, the tears coursed down my cheeks, and I gave myself up to despair. One while I thought I would hang myself in the wood, in which I must otherwise make my bed; and then I thought I would try and catch a terrapin in the creek for my supper. But the terrapin slid off his log, the moment I began to look too hard at him; and the thought of suspension passed from my mind, as too disagreeable to be debated. Now, I had some notion of going back to the militia, to surrender myself to the court martial, trusting to the influence of my friend Dicky Dare, whose regimentals convinced me he had become a great character, to come off in safety; and then I half proposed even to return to New Jersey and take my trial for the killing of M'Goggin. In the one case, I should have the satisfaction of being near my brother in arms; in the other, of being befriended by my beneficent patron; but in either, I must run a risk of "hemp or lead," which I could not abide to think of. But what was I to do? how was I to escape the perils that followed me behind, and perhaps environed me in front? and, also, how was I to get my supper?

While I sat weeping, and asking myself these questions in vain, entirely absorbed by the greatness of my distresses, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a horseman; who rode up through the soft sandy road, without my hearing him, or suspecting his presence, until he made it known by an abrupt question; "I say, brother, d——n my blood," he cried, "do you swim this river, or jump over it?"

The sound of a man's voice so near me, my dangers considered, was sufficiently alarming; but there was something in the speaker's tones that

doubled my dread; which was still further increased, when looking in his face, I perceived to my amazement the harsh features of the pseudo-Blood-money, my fellow burglar, the redoubted Brown, *alias* Captain Hellcat.

Nor was his memory a whit more backward than my own: he recognized me in a moment, looked astonished, and then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, demanding, with great emphasis, "What cheer now, lieutenant?"

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